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LOVING HEARTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Loving hearts make happy homes
In the cottage or the hall,
Where the feet of darling ones
Lightly o'er the threshold fall.
Oh, it is not all in wealth!
Riches cannot give us joy
Such as sweet affection brings,
With no feeling of alloy!
Years may pass and we may stray,
But the heart, where'er it roams,
Backward still will turn alway,
Loving hearts make happy homes.

Loving hearts make happy homes;
All their ways are strewn with flowers,
And the sweetest heartease blooms
Brightly through the passing hours.
Can we evermore forget
All the joyance and the charms
Which encircled there our lives,
Folded in home's loving arms?
Voices that have ceased from earth
Come again; the wild sea foams
Near the cottage where we lived:
Loving hearts make happy homes.

Loving hearts make happy homes;
Ah, the ways of earth are drear;
Something passes from our hearts
With each swiftly passing year—
Something that we would not lose,
Something we in vain would stay,
Something ours, and still not ours,
Winter's snows and buds of May.
Let them pass: the heart alway,
Whereso'er the footstep roams,
Backward turns; it cannot stray!
Loving hearts make happy homes.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Where, when the gods would be cruel,
Do they go for a torture? where
Plant thorns, set pain as a jewel?
Ah! not in the flesh, not there!
The racks of earth and the rods
Are weak as foam on the sands;
In the heart is the prey for gods,
Who crucify hearts, not hands.
—SWINBURNE.

Lady Crownbrilliants sat in her luxurious easy-chair in the crimson drawing-room of the Retreat. The bright fire burning in the polished stove lit up her lovely face and the handsome one of Chudleigh Chichester, beside her, with a rich red glow, only wanting to make her sweet, pale countenance perfect.

"Well, Carlotta," he said, rather impatiently toying with her white hand, on which the wedding-ring was surmounted by a deep mourning one set in brilliants. "Well," he repeated, "what's the answer? Yes or no? Let it be yes, my darling."

She plucked and plucked the crape of her dress nervelessly.

"It is so soon yet ——"

"Soon! It seems an age to me," he replied. "Think how long I have waited—how patiently! Ah, Carlotta, if you knew how I thirsted to call you mine—mine—my own—you would not put me off. I can do nothing, think of nothing, while you are still buried here in this hateful place."

"Hateful place!" she repeated.

"Aye, hateful, for was it not his?"

She bowed her head in her hands.

"How soon did you say?" she said faintly.

"A month," he repeated, "March. Even that seems a long time for me to wait. March. Come, Carlotta, say yes, that I may go up to town glad and light of heart to make the preparations. Ah, my darling, my poor darling, if you knew how my life is buried in you, how I lay my ambition, my hopes, my future, at your feet, you would not hesitate!"

"I—I do not," she replied. "March! Only another month!" she repeated, gazing into the fire.

"Yes," he repeated, "only another month," his eager hand caressing her, his eyes fastened on her face. "Say yes."

"Yes," she answered obediently, turning her lovely eyes to his and laying her glorious head upon his breast.

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Of course the county was somewhat shocked—or professed to be—it always does. Lord Crownbrilliants was scarcely cold, they averred, and quoted with upraised eyes the lines from Hamlet about the funeral meats setting forth the marriage feast. But Chudleigh cared not for the county, and Sir Fielding, who did not study it very much, decided to have a grand wedding and give a ball in the evening at the Hall. The county, having a weakness for grand weddings and balls, immediately veered round and praised the match and the bridegroom elect sky-high.

The day drew near; preparations had been made on an extensive scale, and the Hall was a gorgeous interior of crimson velvet, choice flowers, and festive decorations. The little church had been festooned with hot-house flowers by Maud; and Maurice Durant had offered to officiate. This was the most enticing line of the programme, for the Rector of Grassmere had become a popular man, and everybody was eager to see and hear him, all the more so that the story of his past unknown sorrow had spread far and wide.

Lady Crownbrilliants had fixed upon Florence as the place at which to spend the honeymoon, and Chudleigh had sent a courier out to hire a pretty villa. Sir Fielding, who was delighted at the match, and the happy glow that had suddenly sprung to Chudleigh's face, purchased a magnificent set of pearls as a wedding present, and Maud had procured a magnificent parure of emeralds and brilliants. Maurice Durant contributed a tiara fit for a princess, and the other bridal gifts were little less magnificent. Altogether, it promised to be a grand wedding, and when the sun rose with Summer brightness on the morning, the invited guests did not forget to quote the old adage "Happy is the bride," etc., as they thronged to the little church in all the majesty of lavender silks and satins.

The church was full, every seat occupied, the aisle lined with titled ladies and exquisitely-dressed gentlemen. The organ—played by an organist Maurice Durant had procured from London—rolled out grand hymns of praise, and Chudleigh Chichester appeared and walked to the altar to wait for his bride. A happy flush was on his brow, and a bright, joyous light in his eyes, and several who had witnessed the wedding of two years back whispered to each other how differently the bridegroom looked, and as Carlotta appeared, followed by the beauteous Maud and the other bridesmaids, how differently the bride! Then Maurice Durant commenced the service, his grand, ringing voice repeating the old, old, familiar words with a music in it that lent it a new and solemn meaning. In a perfectly audible voice Chudleigh made the responses, Carlotta in softer tones, a hymn was sung, the organ pealed out afresh, and the wedding was over.

There was a crowd outside the church, and both bride and bridegroom as they entered their carriage were lustily cheered, as were also the company and Sir Fielding—who looked ten years younger, so an old peasant said—in his old-fashioned blue coat and diamond-adorned ruffles. There was a magnificent breakfast at the Hall, the usual speeches—a good one from Chudleigh, the usual commonplace yet not unwelcome ones of the old people, who always will speak at wedding breakfasts, a tearful, quiet one from Sir Fielding, and then the happy couple departed, followed by Sir Fielding's blessing and a shower of white slippers. Then the guests strolled about the grounds, played billiards, gathered around Maurice Durant at the great organ in the gallery, and otherwise amused themselves until six, when a dinner as magnificent as the breakfast was laid out in the banqueting-hall. After dinner—it was March, and the doors shut—preparations were made for the ball, more guests arrived, the hum of tongues, unloosed by expectation, filled the old place, and the ladies were in their glory. At eight o'clock the band struck up the first quadrille and the ball commenced. Maurice Durant, who of course did not dance, now stole a quiet minute or two with Maud, and, seated by her side in the conservatory, listened to the strains of the music, and reminded her that it was at a ball he had first called her his own; while she with a smile clung to his great, broad chest, and was happy in his happiness. Later on, when a break occurred, Sir Fielding sought him out and begged him to play, and he went and enthralled every soul present with a burst of joyous music that was but the outpouring of his own glad heart. So the ball went on, merry laughter ringing through the old Hall, joyous music floating through the stained windows, and shutting out the storm which was raging over the moor and through the trees.

While Maurice Durant's voice was ringing through the church in the marriage service the landlord of the little hostel at which years ago he had left the mastiff Tigris was sitting at his door very much as he had sat when Maurice Durant had found him on his return. He had heard of the wedding, and was wondering whether he really could distinguish the Grassmere bells, or if it was only his fancy deceiving him, when a woman, soiled with the dust and blown by the Marchwinds, came in sight, and, walking up to him, sat herself down on the bench at his side.

"Good-day, madam," said Gregory.

She gave him a good-day in answer, and asked for a glass of beer. The landlord asked her to walk in, but in a dull, tired sort of way she shook her head, and leant back wearily against the seat. Gregory brought the ale, and, setting it down in front of her, returned to his seat, thinking that he had heard the voice before, and, watching her as she emptied the glass, wondered where. But suddenly, as she looked up and told him to fill it again, it flashed across him that the tones of her voice were like those of the man from whom he every three months received a certain sum of money, and, astonished at the resemblance, he got up, and after filling the glass observed "that it was a fine day for such an early month."

"Fine enough," replied the woman curtly, and then, drinking the liquor, relapsed into her old attitude.

Presently the clock struck the hour, and, turning her dust-stained face to the window, she rose and asked how far it was to Grassmere.

"Sixteen miles by the road," replied the landlord.

"A long way," said the woman, with a strong foreign accent.

"It be a good pull," he assented. "Were you a-thinking of going that way?"

She nodded "Yes."

Gregory looked at her old, dust-stained boots, and then at her weary face.

"If so be as you're not in a particular hurry," he said slowly, "I've got a cart a-going to the 'Fox and Grapes,' just outside the village. I'd be glad to give you a lift if you'd accept of it."

She looked at him "stupid-like," as he afterwards expressed it, and asked him when it started.

"Well, it aint going till the morning," he replied. "But that don't matter. The missus will find you a bed and bit o' sup, and you can take a rest a while."

She shook her head and said:

"No, no; I must be there to-night. Sixteen miles, say you?"

"A full 'sixteen miles,' replied the man, "and up-hill."

She walked into the road and looked up it, then came back.

"There's a wedding—a marriage there to-day, is there not? I heard some people talking ——"

"I think there be," said Gregory, scratching his head.

"A grand one?" she said, her face lighting up with a strange smile, and her thin, dusty hands pulling her shawl tightly around her.

"A rare grand one," replied the man. "If you're determined to go on to-night, maybe you'll see the end o' the ball. There's fine doings up at the Hall—fine doings. Why, the whole county's been a-talkin' of it for the last month past."

She nodded quickly once or twice, then, putting down upon the table the price of the beer she had drunk, without a word walked away. After a few steps she stopped and came back.

"Are there any wineshops on the way?—what do you call them—public houses, inns?"

"Ah—aye, there's a few," replied Gregory. "There's the 'Grape and Nettles' near upon a mile ahead, the 'Seven Stars,' and the 'Chichester Head' at the brow of the hill."

The woman nodded with the same quick, foreign gesture as before, and walked on. This time she did not return. Later on in the evening, when the storm had commenced, the landlord, who had betaken himself to his parlor fireside, and sat wondering whether his strange customer had reached some sort of shelter from the pitiless rain and the furious wind, there came a knocking at the door, and a man's voice was heard shouting for admittance. Gregory started to his feet.

"Who can that be?" he said. "A stranger, or he'd know how to lift the latch. Sit ye still, wife, and let me go."

Opening the door, he saw a tall, dark-looking man, pressed close up against the porch in a vain attempt to screen himself from the blast. Directly the door was opened far enough he slipped in, and, turning fiercely upon the landlord, exclaimed:

"Wert asleep, dog, that thou didst not hear me knock? Are all your customers left to be blown to perdition in your doorway? 'Tis courteous and hostly."

Gregory started and was speechless. This man's voice was the same as the woman's who had just left.

"Ah! deaf, dumb, blind, idiot!" snarled the man, throwing off his large cloak and striding into the parlor, but pulling off his soft-brimmed hat with a surly sort of politeness to the landlady by the fire.

"Good-evening, mistress, if you can call such fiendish weather good. It is the fiend's own, I think. Your husband seems deaf or dumb. Can you give me some wine?"

Gregory, still speechless, reached down a bottle and placed it with a wine-glass on the table. The traveler flung himself into a chair, and, throwing his cloak on the ground before the fire, filled his glass and emptied it. The landlord, now somewhat recovered from his astonishment, said meekly that it was a wet night. The traveler did not seem to hear him, but sat staring moodily at the fire, every now and then filling his glass, which he always emptied at a single gulp. Presently, with a suddenness that made the pair jump, he strode to the window, and, forcing it open, gazed out upon the rain. Then he turned and asked how far it was to Grassmere. Again the landlord started and lost his tongue, but, fearing another outbreak on the part of the traveler, his wife replied:

"Sixteen miles."

The man started.

"Sixteen miles!" he repeated. "The saints!" then walked quickly to the table, emptied the bottle, picked up his coat, threw down a coin and walked to the door.

Suddenly he stopped and entered the room again.

"Are there any drinking-shops, man, on this hateful road?"

The color forsook the landlord's face.

"Y-e-s," he managed to jerk out, and then stopped.

The traveler scowled fiercely and strode out of the bar, swinging the door behind him with a loud crash.

* * * * * * *

The ball was at its height, the guests, heated and flushed with pleasure, were dancing in the ball-room or promenading through the gallery and conservatories. A waltz was just finished and the refreshment corner of the room was crowded. Maud had just been dancing with a younger son of Lord Housdon, and was listening to his rather roundabout description of the "best run of the season," when Maurice Durant came up with a lady on his arm, for whom he had been procuring some refreshment. The four sat down together in a cool corner, and Maurice, seizing the opportunity, managed to smuggle Maud off into the picture-gallery.

"Well, cara mia," he said tenderly, drawing her towards him, "are you not tired?"

"No," she said; "women never get tired of two things, you know."

"What are they?" he asked with a smile.

"Love and dancing," she replied with a blush. "But you must be very weary," she said, looking up into his face. "You have not danced at all; but you have been working so hard to make everyone happy."

"Weary!" he said—"not one whit. Had anyone told me a year ago, birdie, that I could have worn the cap-and-bells and donned the motley with so good a grace, I should have laughed them to scorn."

"That is past now," whispered Maud, caressing his hand.

"Aye, thank Heaven!" he said, throwing back his head. "Past! Little one, some day in the future, when the vanished years have grown grim and indistinct, I will tear away the veil and let you see how grim and black the prospect is!"

"Why should you?" she murmured. "I can trust—nay, I do; to hear of your sorrow and suffering would pain me, and pain you too in the telling. Let it go by—let the veil fall thicker and thicker every year until it blots it out altogether."

"My angel!" he murmured, pressing her closer to him.

"Where's Chudleigh now?" she said presently.

"Far on the road to happiness," he answered with a low laugh. "Poor fellow! he waited long and"—patiently, he was going to add, but stopped and said, instead, "Maudie, mine, how soon will you make me happy as her ladyship has done your Chud.?"

She blushed and stole closer, till her face was hidden against his breast.

"In the Summer, little one?" he went on, his voice dropping to a soft, sweet murmur, and using the words "thee and thine" unconsciously. "Early in the Summer, my darling, when the blossoms are thick and the flowers lift their heads towards the sun? Tell me, Maud, wilt thou give thyself to me?—give thyself to warm and color my life? Wilt thou come to turn the old gray, desolate Rectory to a love-cottage, shining in it and on me as the sun shines in the wilderness and in the woods? Tell me, little one, that when the birds sing again I may take thee, the sweetest of them all, to my heart to rest forevermore."

At that moment the band commenced the next dance, and Maud started.

"I am engaged for this to Sir Charles Warton," she said, rather sorrowfully. "I wonder whether he will find me," she added, hoping that he would not.

But her wishes were disappointed, for Sir Charles Warton entered the gallery in search of her and carried her off.

Maurice Durant, left alone, strolled to one of the windows, and, unfastening it, looked out upon the night.

It was as dark as pitch, and the swift blast dashed the rain in his face.

"Storm without, peace within," he murmured with a happy sigh. "Heaven pity the traveler to-night," he added thoughtfully, turning from the window.

As he stepped into the light a footman, who had been looking up and down the gallery, came to him quickly, and said:

"You are wanted, sir, in the hall."

"I?" said Maurice Durant, tapping his breast with astonishment.

"Yes, sir; the person asked for you."

"Are you sure?" said Maurice Durant, wondering who it could be.

"Certain, sir."

Maurice Durant, humming lightly, strode down the broad stairs and entered the hall. No one was there. He was about to call to the footman, when a dark shadow in a corner made him almost start, and he advanced. As he approached it turned into a woman, with its face full up against the light. Maurice Durant looked for an instant with a dead, stony gaze, then sprang forward with a fearful suppressed cry, and, clutching its wet arm, round which the drenched shawl clung limply, gazed down with clenched teeth at the bloated, dissipated face, then threw up his arms and reeled against the wall. For a minute the woman, who was half-dead with drink and fatigue, stared at him with senseless, idiotic gaze, then rolled forward and touched his arm. He started as if a serpent had stung him, looked round the hall with bloodshot eyes, then, bending forward, stole to the door, opened it, and beckoned to the woman, hissing:

"One word and I strangle you on the spot."

She nodded her head, and with uncertain steps followed him. He closed the door noiselessly, and, beckoning her still, strode on, the heavy rain pouring down upon his bare head, and soaking through his thin evening-dress.

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Twenty minutes afterwards the shadow of Maurice Durant's former self stole up the stairs he had so short a time since run down so lightly. His drenched clothes clung to his frozen form, his face was white and set like a dead man's, the lips livid and bleeding, and his eyes as bloodshot as a drunken man's.

Slowly, as if each step cost him pain, he gained the gallery, and there, panting and quivering, stood listening to the music as a lost soul to torment might strain to catch the angelic melody streaming from the gates of the Paradise from which he was eternally banished. The music ceased. The light forms of the dancers passed him as he shrank into a dark corner—passed and were gone. Yet one more came—the woman he loved. His clenched teeth bit deeper into the livid lips till the blood dropped on to his shirt-front and down his hands; his clasped hands pressed harder against his heart. Yet he spoke not a word, though "Maud! Maud!" seemed falling from the sky, shrieking from the floor, wailing from every side of the gallery. He almost fancied he had called her; but no, she looked round the gallery with a troubled, wistful gaze and passed on. He watched her thirstily till the last scrap of her gay dress was lost, and then stole out, and, noiseless ly gaining the higher stairs, entered his room, a spacious apartment handsomely furnished, as befitted a guest who had wrought the Hall so much good. Going to the window, he threw it open and thrust his face out into the driving rain that beat upon it as it beat upon the senseless oaks around the Rectory. Half an hour passed, then he left the window, and, walking to a bureau at the end of the room, opened one of its drawers. A pile of bank-notes lay coiled up in one corner. These he thrust into his breast—then pulled open another drawer and drew out a revolver. As his hand clasped the cold stock for the first time his face changed and his eyes fell upon it with a greedy, wistful expression. He laid it down on the table and walked to the window, but he could not take his eyes from it, and gradually, step by step, returned to the table and looked at the weapon up again. With calm deliberation he looked at the priming. It was loaded. He cocked it, and then turned it over and over mechanically. The barrel was pointed to his head. His finger trembled. Another moment—another movement—and his soul would have sped to its account, but before the movement came the music burst out again, and his hand fell to his side, and with a start he laid the weapon on the table. For a few minutes he stood listening to the waltz, then opened the door of the other room, and in five minutes returned to the first, attired in his old rough shooting-suit, with his gun in his hand and his cloak over his arm. Then, extinguishing the light, he stole down by a back staircase and gained the terrace. The stables lay beyond this, and he must reach them unseen. Waiting for a few minutes in the pitch darkness, he crept along out of the reach of the lights from the window and got to the stables unseen. Forcing open one of the doors, he took down a lighted lantern from a hook and saddled one of the horses. Then he stole round to the small pent-house at the back that had been erected over a kennel. As his footsteps approached it the dog Tigris sprang out with a whine of recognition, but a whispered word quieted it, and it stood as still as a stone while its master unfastened its chain, and followed upon his footsteps like a panther, as if it knew—as it assuredly did—that secrecy was required. Replacing the lantern, and leading the horse out, Maurice Durant gave a low call to the dog, vaulted into the saddle, and rode off across the meadow towards the high road, the pelting rain beating upon his white, death-like face as if it meant to tear it to pieces.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Truth will come to light; murder cannot long be hid.—SHAKESPEARE.

Here, in the darkness, such a deed was done
As fills the night with awe and dread.
Here, in the night, across the rabbit's run,
The blow was struck that left her dead.—ANON.

The morning after the ball the sun shone out brightly, and the sky was as calm and clear as if a cloud had never dimmed it. Maud and Sir Fielding were seated at the breakfast-table, talking over the events of last night, or rather the early morning, when Sir Fielding's valet knocked, entered, and, advancing with some embarrassment, said:

"Mr. Durant is not in his room, nor has his bed been slept in. I have his letters here, sir."

"Dear me," said Sir Fielding, not very much astonished, for Maurice Durant was wont to be uncertain in his movements, while Maud set down the coffee-cup she was filling. "Dear me, have you sent anyone over the grounds?"

"Yes, Sir Fielding, for one of these letters is marked 'important,' but no one can find him."

"The Rectory?" said Maud.

"I have been over there, miss, myself," replied the valet; "but Mr. Durant has not slept there, nor has he been there this morning."

Sir Fielding looked puzzled, and, as the man laid the letters on the table and left the room, he said:

"When did you see him last, my darling?"

"Last night, papa," said Maud, turning pale. "I left him in the gallery, where we had seen to rest for a little while, and I have not seen him since."

"It's very strange," said Sir Fielding, rising and walking to the window, then back to the fire. "I'll go up into his room, I think."

As he walked to the door a footman entered and said that the foreman of the workmen at the Rectory had arrived to see Mr. Durant by appointment.

"Mr. Durant is not here, say, Thomas," said Sir Fielding. 'I—I really don't know what to do. Ask him to wait a little," and, forgetting that he had intended going up to Maurice Durant's room, he returned to the fireplace and stood rubbing his hands irresolutely.

Maud sat still and pale, her coffee and the rest of her breakfast untouched.

"Have you found him, papa?" she asked tremulously.

"No, no, my dear," he said, adding with a reassuring smile: "He has gone for a book in the library, perhaps, or a walk; depend on it, he will be here directly. You know nothing is strange that Maurice does."

Maud thought the suggestion of a walk was a correct one, and regained something of her color, but was still rather troubled. Sir Fielding, quite reassured, took his chair again and went on with his breakfast. Presently another knock came to the door, and the footman said that the head stableman wished to speak with Sir Fielding.

"Now?" said Sir Fielding, looking puzzled.

The man had never made such a request before. Could he want to give warning?

"He says he wants to see you immediately, Sir Fielding," said the footman, and, Sir Fielding nodding, the stableman entered.

"I'm sorry to intrude and trouble you, sir," he said respectfully, and with some excitement, "but there's been a robbery down at the stables."

"A robbery!" exclaimed Sir Fielding. "Nonsense."

"Yes, but there has, sir. The east stable-door be broken open, and he brown cob be gone."

"What?" exclaimed Sir Fielding, scarcely believing his ears.

"It be, sir," said the man, "and what be more, Maister Dewrant's dawg Tigris have gone as well."

Maud rose, trembling.

Sir Fielding set down hi coffee-cup with a sudden crash.

"Brown cob—Tigris—gone! There's some mistake, Norton, surely."

"No, there bean't, unfortunately, sir," replied the man with earnest civility. "There bean't no mistake. The cob's gone and the dawg, and, by token, I can trace the cob's footmarks across the lawn and the meadow."

Sir Fielding looked troubled and startled.

"What—what does it all mean? A robbery. I can scarcely believe it. Someone has taken the cob—some one of the guests, Norton."

"Tain't likely, Sir Fielding," said the man. "There was plenty o' carriages. Besides, they wouldn't ha' broke the lock of the stable-door to get at 'em. They'd ha' called me or one o' the grooms."

Sir Fielding paced the room.

"I will go and look at it," he said. "Meanwhile, Maud, ring the bell and tell one of the men to ride off to the police-station at Warrington. A robbery! I can scarcely believe my ears," and he left the room, followed by the head groom. Before he had reached the back of the hall, Barber, the keeper, opened the end door and burst in as white as a ghost, without his gun or his cap. Seeing Sir Fielding he stopped, panting and breathless, and pulled a tuft of his rough, curly hair.

Sir Fielding stared.

"What on earth's the matter, Barber? Have you found the cob?"

"The cob!" exclaimed the gamekeeper, looking from Sir Fielding to the groom in astonishment. "What cob? I didn't know one was lost! I have come to tell you summut dreadful has happened in the wood, Sir Fielding."

Sir Fielding glanced back quickly at the breakfast-room, and the groom, understanding the look, walked back and shut the door.

"Now," said Sir Fielding, who had grown pale, "what is it, Barber? Speak low—Miss Maud is in that room."

"I won't let her hear, Sir Fielding," said the man. "Perhaps you'll step outside, sir."

They walked out on the terrace, and then, Sir Fielding with a gesture of impatience telling him to go on, the man drew a long breath and said:

"It's summut very dreadful, Sir Fielding. They've been and took it to the station at Annsleigh, and the police was coming to the Hall right upon my heels."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Sir Fielding, still paler. "What is dreadful—what have they taken to the station?"

"A woman, Sir Fielding. I found her myself first thing this morning, lying face upwards in the Black Pool, wi' a great ugly stab in her bosom."

Sir Fielding staggered and clung to the terrace.

"A woman—dead! murdered! Good Heaven! Tell me all!"

"There aint much to tell, Sir Fielding," said the man. "I was a-going to the preserves early this morning to see what damage the storm had done the young trees, and, passing the Black Pool, noticed something white lying in the middle of it. When I got near it gave me a regular shock to see as how it was a woman's head just a-floating like a cork, all white and set like. I started off running, crying for help, and ran against the inspector of police, as was in the lane. He went back with me, and atween us we managed to get her out. She was quite dead—been dead for hours, the inspector said—and had a great slit in her bosom—here," and Barber struck his chest. "The inspector he went for some men, and they carried it on a stretcher to Annsleigh. I went wi' 'em, and as soon as I heard that they were going to send some men to the Hall I tore away to give you warning, for fear Miss Maud ——"

"I see, I see," said Sir Fielding faintly, pressing his hand to his forehead and feeling cold with dread.

Maurice Durant missing, the cob and dog gone, the corpse of a murdered woman found floating in the Black Pool! Great Heaven! what did it all mean? Was there any connection —— Shudderingly he put the fearful thought away, and, telling Barber to watch and tell him when the police arrived, he returned to the breakfast-room, and, trying to look unconcerned, said:

"The cob's gone, I'm afraid, Maud. It's a great pity to lose one of the best horses in the stables."

"And the dog, papa?" she said anxiously, going up to him and placing her trembling hand upon his arm.

"The dog—eh? Oh, yes; running about the grounds somewhere, most likely, chasing the rabbits. My dear, I wish you would go up to your aunt's room a little while. I have some business to do with one or two men."

His voice faltered, and she looked up at him with a terrified, questioning look; but he managed to smile, and still with the anxious expression upon her lovely face she, ever obedient, glided from the room and up the stairs. Scarcely had she gone than Barber knocked at the door, and Sir Fielding, opening it, walked into the hall and met the inspector and two policemen.

"Good-morning, Sir Fielding," said the inspector respectfully. "I suppose you have heard of this terrible affair?"

Sir Fielding nodded.

"I have just heard," he said.

"You being the nearest magistrate, Sir Fielding, we have come up immediately for a warrant for the inquest."

Sir Fielding started.

"Ah, yes; I had forgotten," he said, with a sigh of relief. "Follow me into the library, will you?"

They followed him into the library, and, sitting down, Sir Fielding wrote out the warrant.

"There it is," he said. "Now, have you time to tell me all you know of this affair?"

The inspector very willingly repeated all that Barber had said, and wound up with:

"She must ha' been dead directly the stab was given. It was a mighty deep cut—pierced her lungs like, I suppose."

Sir Fielding hid his eyes and shuddered.

"Have you a clue to her identity, or to the—the murderer?" he asked in a low voice.

"Not as yet, Sir Fielding," said the man. "We have telegraphed for Mr. Crawshaw the detective, and expect him by the next train. He'll find it out quick enough, I'll warrant. He's the cleverest detective going, Sir Fielding."

"And the identity?"

"Not a trace. She's an Italian by her look, and a great drinker, Doctor Martin says. He saw her as she was lying at the station, directly we'd brought her in."

"Any money found on her?" asked Sir Fielding.

"Not a penny, for a good reason," said the inspector significantly.

"Why?" asked Sir Fielding.

"Pockets turned inside out," replied the inspector meaningly.

"Ah!" said Sir Fielding, and breathed a sigh of relief, though from what he could scarcely tell.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MRS. HERMAN VEZIN, Actress.

OUR ENGRAVING.

The talented actress whose portrait graces our first page is a native of England, and was formerly known as Mrs. C. Young. She subsequently married Herman Vezin, a native of Philadelphia, Pa., who made his debut on the stage in the Princess' Theatre, London, Eng., in 1852, acting Pembroke in "King John." He has since confined his professional efforts to that country, with the exception of some few performances in his native city some years ago. Mrs. V. made her debut on the London stage, in Sadlers Wells Theatre, Sept. 15, 1837, acting Julia in "The Hunchback." From a series of articles upon "English Actors of the Time of Victoria," published in *The Sunday Times*, London, Eng., we excerpt the following criticism of her artistic abilities: "The range of comedy is within her grasp, and of all tragedy, except the highest, she is mistress. Her intelligence, appreciation, and method are equally good, and are such as must at any period of our stage have obtained her eminence. There is scarcely a character of importance in the drama that is still acted in which during the last decade she has not appeared. Yet it is not too much to say that every part she has assumed has been well played. Only in the masterpieces of tragedy do we find something wanting, not to the beauty and talent of the impersonation, but to its magic. Leaving this side of art out of the question, we turn to other characters. To stage impersonations Mrs. Vezin brings many noteworthy gifts. Her intelligence is remarkable, and her power of self-projection considerable. She seizes with the instinct of the woman and the artist upon the leading points of a character, and she measures her own representation by that most difficult of all standards for a woman to employ, the standard of common sense. She is never extravagant, yet never tame. When we add to this that Mrs. Vezin has a good stage presence and a voice of exceeding tenderness and sweetness, we accord a measure of gifts such as few actresses on the stage have ever rivaled. From the almost innumerable parts she has played it is difficult to select a few which are more characteristic than others. It is generally in established and classic dramas that we have been accustomed to see Mrs. Vezin, though she has played in no inconsiderable number of new pieces also. In summing up the services Mrs. Vezin has rendered to playgoers, it is hardly too much to say that she has redeemed from utter disrepute the classic performances which have of late years been given in England. Without the aid of her patient industry and intelligent care, performances that have now been unequal would have been altogether unworthy of the attention they have received. It may be doubted, indeed, whether, for the entire range of parts in tragedy and comedy, a more competent actress has been for many years seen upon our stage."

RHYME OF THE RECKLESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY BARRY ALDEN.

While time glides unawares away,
Make every day a holiday.
Could pleasure fill life everywhere,
There'd be no longer room for care.
For every sorrow, every grief,
In wine, in wine, we'll find relief.

When brows are shadow'd by a frown,
We'll smooth it out and laugh it down;
When in the eye there comes a tear,
We'll drown it in our right good cheer;
When hearts at times shall feel regret,
In wine, in wine, we'll soon forget.

When jolly friends have gone away,
With self for comrade still be gay;
When forced at last to stop and think,
We'll solace find in jovial drink.
That leads the train o'er life's gray walls
To rove through Fancy's radiant halls.

Anger, reproach, and whispered sigh
With us are voices long gone by;
We'll have with us no grave-faced friend
To moralize about our end;
With laugh and jest, and song and shout,
He'll join with us—or be put out!

As citizens our flags are furl'd—
We know no country but the world,
No politics nor party strife
Shall enter in our careless life—
Each day fair as the day before,
Though kingdoms fall and nations war.

What'er a future life may give,
We only know that now we live;
Then wherefore worry, weep and grieve?
We're happiest who the least believe.
We look not backwards nor afar,
No memories nor hopes to mar.

For wisdom let who will decide;
What's folly when we're satisfied?
There comes a time that stops our breath—
Then for the final cut off—Death!
So let's enjoy us while we may—
Make every day a holiday!

TOYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

There's nothing serious in mortality; all is but toys.
—SHAKESPEARE.

A TINKLE.—The *bell* boys in hotels answer the *belle* girls.

TERPSICHOREAN.—To Mrs. Gen. Sherman: How could it be a *ball* if the dances were not *round*?

A SON OF A GUN.—A witty duelist, in answer to a proposition from his rival that the chosen weapons be rifles, said: "It matters not what style of arm is selected; I shall be shot at by a *smooth bore* all the same." Upon hearing which the rival fire-eater was more wroth than before.

LONGEVITY.—Giants live *longer* than dwarfs.

MORE BINDING.—*Clerk:* Shall we bind the book in Russia? *Customer:* Oh, you needn't go to that trouble. I guess it will do quite as well if it is bound in this country.

THE ROSTRUM.—The last time Col. Bob Ingersoll lectured in a theatre he ignored *the pit*.

THESPIAN.—When is a theatrical manager like a pauper? When he is in a poor house.

"TO A T."—When are the girls like the Chinese? When they tease us.

"FROM GRAVE TO GAY."—Why is a lady-killer like a funeral procession? A lady killer follows the *hers*, and a funeral procession follows the *hearse*.

BENCH AND BAR.—Some of our courts deal in *masquerade suits* as well as the costumers, but the former are perhaps at times the more grotesque.

MEDICAL.—An invalid, advised to find "change of scenery," became a stage-carpenter and recovered his health.

AMONG THE BOOKS.—*Patron:* Have you Chaucer? *Boy behind the counter:* Don't use tobacco.

LATEST FROM THE NORTH POLE.—The new Arctic expedition now fitting out will avoid the six months' Arctic night by subscribing for *The Daily Sun*.

OUR AMATEURS.—Novices are natives of *gall* (Gaul).

IN THE STUDIO.—*Artist:* She is one of our greatest female painters. *The Brute:* Yes; I saw it in her face.

P. T. B.—Why is P. T. Barnum like the British navy? P. T. Barnum has *arks of boas*, and the British navy has "*hearts of oaks*."

FACT!—The mere suits at law, the less suits on your back.

POETS, JOCKEYS AND FISHERMEN—Live by their "lines."

TRUISM.—A play is like a jewel—much of its beauty and worth depend upon its "setting."

TO THE TREASURER.—The best box-office *reports* are to be expected from the "*big guns*."

PLOTTING.—Gardeners and playrights both have their "plots," and the formers' are not always the greenest.

THE MORTAR AND THE RING.—What is the difference between the circus *gymnasts* and the druggists? The circus gymnasts *poise* on the head, feet and hands, and the druggists *poison* the stomach.

LAW.—When could a party assault a popular prima-donna with impunity? When he threshed *Oates*; there is no penalty for thrashing *oats*.

POLICE COURT.—A morning-paper says: "One Coffee was discharged, it being found upon investigation that there were no *grounds* for complaint." Evidently, it was not boarding-house *coffee*.

HERE AND THERE.—*Lodes* of gold and silver in California, and *loads* of taxes here.

A REFRESHMENT.—B. F. Ham is a Union Pacific Railroad official. *Beef ham* ought to be in a restaurant.

"PLAYING WITH FIRE," not by John Brougham.—Ingersoll in the leading role.

BAD.—Unfortunate name for a temperance lecturer—*Beers*.

AUXILIARY.—An Irish *rape* is a *broth* of a boy.

IDEAL.—Lazy folks worship their *idle*.

THE BALLET.—When are the ballet like farmers? When they raise *calfs*.

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP."—*Charitable Lady:* Poor man! if there were a mile to procure work, what situation would suit you best? *Tramp:* Ladies' companion, mum.

INNOCENT TRACT-PEDDLERS.—Young man, are you not aware that you are approaching your latter end? *Young Man:* If you don't get out of here I'll be approaching yours.

A SHARP RAP.—To *rap* a man is a crime; to *wrapper* woman, all right.

WEDLOCK.—W. H. *Story* and Clare E. Choate, the young couple married by lightning at Ogdensburg by Rev. Mr. Mann, were over tackled together.

TO BEAUX.—To avoid *mittens*, present *gloves*.

LABOR.—His physicians recommended "some kind of light work," so he went to work in a match-factory. He is the identical fellow who tried to find his way to bed with a feather because it was *light*.

THE THEATRE, 1978.—The performance will begin with "The Baby Show," after which a tin cup will be given to the boy eating a pie first. First time of "Hamlet." Between the first and second acts the boy who puts his shoes off with his feet will get a *scent*. Assuming that the Prince of Denmark was a "crank," the role will be assumed by a *real lunatic*. Among the diversements of the evening may be mentioned sack racing, trundling a wheelbarrow blindfolded, climbing a greased pole, high jumping and high kicking (by our ballet and all the company. The manager prides himself on employing the best "kickers" in the business. The manager will eat a quail every day for thirty days (if he can get it), the biggest bills (unpaid) of the season will be presented. In keeping with the character, Hamlet, the man with the inverted brain will appear standing on his head. Hog-guessing in the lobby. The proprietor will spare no expense (of others) to make the Charlies the most popular resort in the city. In rehearsal, "The Idiot Spy," with a live idiot in the cast (other idiots in the audience). Mr. Charlan has secured the sole right of the great French society comedy entitled "Smut," by the author of "Dregs," etc., etc.; also "Bot," by the author of "Filth."

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT."—*He, the Inebriate [sings]:* "Come to me, darling, I *leave*."

THE FLY-BY-NIGHT [*Way, to Manager of the Show*]: What makes you publish your route ahead on your programmes? [*Reads*]: "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse."

PULPIT PUN.—The "very reverend" announced that he proposed to cut away their unbelief with the Acts (axe) of the Apostles (suppressed applause in the galleries).

MARINE.—Thomas Leek tried to ship to sea as a green hand, but was refused because the captain did not want a leak in the ship.

A VERY extraordinary condition of things exists in England as regards the institution of clergymen to livings. The Bishop of Peterborough, for instance, stated in 1875 that since he had been bishop he had been called upon to institute one clergyman who was paralytic; another so aged and infirm that he applied for leave of perpetual absence; a third who was a reclaimed drunkard, and whose intemperance had occurred in a neighboring parish; and a fourth who had resigned a public office rather than face a charge of the most horrible immorality. In each of these cases the facts were well known to the parties presenting these persons to livings; but as regards every one of them

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

C. U. P., Boston.—1. As you state, we have already answered the question. 2. Why should we be responsible? Of what interest is it to us? We endeavor always to be right. If we decide one way, and Z another, which is the better authority? If it be A, the clasps should have been submitted to Z in the first place. 3. He can claim the pot. It is the cards he shows, not the cards he says he holds, that win. (If he had said he had four aces, the other party would not have taken his word for it, but would have called for a show of cards. It is the show that seems to accept when one player acknowledges that what the other has called is good.

RAM'S HEAD, Washington.—Pierce Egan's "Betiana" makes mention of Pete Corcoran having become champion of England by beating Lyons, holding the position for seven years and being then (1776) deprived of it by Harry Sellers, who in turn was beaten by Dugnes Fearns, known as "The Irish boatman," Sept. 25, 1778. "British Fistiana" does not mention Corcoran or Dugan (both of whom were Irishmen by birth) in this list of champions, but our opinion is that they were entitled to championship honors over Sellers. Corcoran, from whom, according to the record in the body of "Fistiana," Sellers won the championship. There are very many errors and confusions in "Fistiana."

W. INGHAM.—The late Edwin Forrest never played under William Wheatley's management at Niblo's Garden, this city, previous to Jan. 1, 1862. He played in that house, under the management of James M. Nixon, from Sept. 17, 1860, until April 29, 1861, acting only on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights. This theatre was opened Jan. 7, 1862, with the Wheatley-Dyott Dramatic Company, and that season terminated July 12 of that year. William Wheatley assumed the management July 21, and what was called the regular Fall and Winter season opened Sept. 15, 1864, with Edwin Forrest as the star, who played four nights per week for eight weeks.

M. H.—McClellan did not resign command in favor of anybody. He was superseded by Gen. Burnside as commander of the Army of the Potomac Nov. 5, 1862. McClellan had been appointed commander-in-chief Sept. 5, 1862. On Oct. 17 he established his head quarters at Harper's Ferry, Va., and it was while he was, in his own way, advancing towards Richmond that President Lincoln relieved him from service. Coming North in November, 1862, McClellan was proposed for next President, and on Sept. 1, 1864, the Chicago convention nominated him for that office.

M. A. M., Boston.—There is no good reason for his refusing to take up the trump. Except by an act of downright stupidity, there is no way that a player who has been ordered up can weaken his hand by lifting the deck trump. There can be but one reason for his declining a trump; and, when that reason exists, he might as well discard the right bower as the seven-spot. Without the bower he must make a euchre and count two points, which are all, had he been ordered up, he could make with the aid of the bower.

W. E. M., St. Paul.—It was right if, when the raffle was announced, it was stated that there were to be only a certain number of chances. The raffle having begun, all chances unsold belonged to the man who had gotten up the raffle or owned the prize, and he could throw them. But there could be no doubt whatever that those who had paid for chances in the raffle was announced. See J. W. H., St. Paul, for a different statement from that place.

BOB CRAWFORD, Rochester.—If the rules of the Detroit Gun Club bar all guns larger than ten-bore, then the agreement sent to us does not admit of the use of a nine-bore by one of the contestants, as it is expressly stipulated that the club shall be governed strictly by the rules of the organization. Mr. Bond should have seen that what he wanted was inserted in the articles before he signed them and posted his money.

J. J. CROCHTIN, Chicago.—1. Not on sale. 2. Morrissey and Heenan fought 11 rounds in 21 minutes, for $5,000 and the championship. 3. Heenan's hand was injured in the first round by striking a stake. 4. Jim Mace (twice), Andy Pratt (twice), Harvey, Elliott, Slack, Thorpe, Brettle, Price, Travers, Hurst, King (twice), Goss (three times), Allen and Coburn. 5. Yes; but it is claimed that Morrissey was more than "double-banked."

E. R. B.—1. The highest price paid for a ticket for Jenny Lind's first concert in this city was $225, the purchaser being John N. Genin the hatter. 2. The Arctic and Atlantic were the Collins steamers that were lost. 3. The first steamer to cross the Atlantic was the Savannah, in 1819. 4. A will win. The principle is the same as if A had offered to bet that the post office would not be open on March 10 or any other Sunday.

J. W. H., St. Paul.—If it was announced that there was no limit to the number, you were right in taking "four more chances," but the other people who bought chances were foolish. They could never win the rifle; for, if you had not beaten the high man in the course of your four new throws, you would have taken your forty more, and have made it right with the owner of the rifle.

J. MCG., Elizabethport.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC answers your first two questions. As to the others, they involve research, but we will answer one each week, if we can. 3. Sept. 2, 1875, at the N. Y. Caledonian Club games, J. Anderson threw the 21lb stone 36ft. 7in., and at the games of the same club, last September, D. C. Ross threw the light hammer 111ft. 6in.

JAKE CAMPBELL, Keyport.—1. The largest stake ever run for in a match between horses in this country was $20,000 ($10,000 a side), by Eclipse and Sir Henry, at the Long Island Union Course, L. I., May 27, 1823. 2. He was in California when we last heard from him, not long ago. 3. Cannot say, not having kept track of his exhibition walks, which, anyway, can seldom be relied upon.

WAGER.—1. Ben Caunt arrived in this country in the Fall of 1841 and took Freeman to England next year, arriving there in March. Freeman was born in Montreal, Canada. 2. The National Theatre which stood in Church street, this city, was first ld-stroyed by fire Sept. 23, 1839; rebuilt, and again burned May 29, 1841. 3. Cannot say.

E. H. G., Harrisburg, Pa.—E. P. Weston is credited with having walked from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill., over 1,200 miles, starting Oct. 29 and arriving Nov. 28. He rested on Sundays. Weston never attempted the feat of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, doing a part of the journey in each and every hour.

J. W. F.—1. We would not advise you to attempt it. The amount of this interest is not large, and it is understood that travel are compelled to give a gift show to meet expenses. 2. Some hall proprietors furnish license, stage hands, ushers, and doorkeepers. Others do not. There is no book published covering the information.

E. W. C., Phila.—It is evidently the original of the poem claimed by Frank B. Woodhouse. The latter has changed language somewhat, but certain portions are identical with the original. Francis will please call, plain, or henceforth he must be counted among the "Departed."

H. D.—The Thirty-fourth-street Theatre, in this city, was first opened Nov. 27, 1871. Wm. W. Smith was the manager, and the principal members of the company were Annie Hindle, Lizette Bernard, Lew Meyers, Miss Netas, Rena Lee, Ida Brown Jr. and Harry Leslie.

CAPT. JACK, San Francisco.—Cannot decide the question. In a match at the Bay District Grounds, San Francisco, Cal., May 30, 1875, John Jordan (all-up) beat Outs 50, Frank Taylor, his opponent, killing 43. Capt. Bogardus has killed 100 birds straight. What was Engle's score?

C. W. N., Philadelphia.—No answers by mail. The proprietor of CLIPPER residence will cheerfully answer, to privately talent. Your best plan would be to advertise. We cannot spare the time to prepare you a list of their names and addresses.

A. H., Phila.—1. Four fives count 20 in cribbage. 2. You cannot "melt" 190 trumps in a three-handed game of pinochle, as you can call trumps but once. 3. The French Government, as a result of the war with Germany, had to pay the latter five thousand millions of francs.

JIM SMITH, Galt.—We decline to give a decision on that statement. There seems to be something lacking. Besides, it is suspicious when the maker of a statement argues so as to prove himself, and not his opponent, loser of the bet.

PAUL C., Allegheny.—1. C cannot play it alone. 2. C cannot play alone in this case, either. A lone hand means one hand taken up trump. It does not mean to be played but one lone at a time, except at what is called "railroad euchre."

A. F.—We believe Jackson Haines (the original), skater, to be dead. When we last heard from him, nearly two years ago, he was so ill in Norway that a friend wrote for him. The person now performing in England is not, to the best of belief, the original Jackson Haines.

BULLDOZER, Petersburg.—We pay no attention to what is said by other papers. Miss Sarah Bernhardt, as we stated two weeks ago, is living. She is not a Jewess, except to the extent that possibly her father was a Jew.

FOR No. 16, Baltimore.—1. It is useless for us to render a decision on so vague a statement. It might be held to mean $16, $144, or $256, with compound interest. 2. He cannot raise his own pile from eight to nine.

WASHINGTON, Hartford.—1. The last card making fifteen gives you three points; the last card making thirty-one gives you two. 2. Two kings, two queens and a jack turned up count 17.

J. W. F.—1. B counts for game. 2. B would also count it in against C. 3. The non-dealers. 4. There is no precedence. 5. He is allowed to look at all the cards he has taken in, if he goes the right way to work about it.

M. M., Ovid.—1. None but a wonderfully game fowl would stand on a leg and a wing but it was a shame to put the bird to such a trial. 2. When a chicken, or before he is a year old.

S. H. O. K., Gloversville.—D shoots after C immediately. The absence against his doing so is unseen. D could not have shot out of turn except through the negligence of other players, especially of C.

W. J., Boston.—1. Low jack wins. 2. C and D, having passed a bet, are out for good. 3. The most serviceable is that published in this city. Address Ed. James, as per card.

S., Phila.—John C. Heenan and Jim Mace sparred together at Fox's American Theatre, your city, March 2, 1870, they being then engaged in a sparring tour prior to Mace's visit to England. New York was visited.

CHARLEY, Phila.—The "Albany Boy" was undoubtedly a good one, but his reported 100 yards in 8⅘ seconds, at the Old Lamb Tavern in 1837, was all moonshine. Seward's time is the best.

H. MCG.—Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy trotted together times almost without number. As you do not say what course we can only guess that perhaps you mean the Union Course, Long Island, where they have met.

T. AND C. S.—No answers by mail. There are no performers of that name now before the public. Boys under sixteen years of age are not allowed to perform gymnastic feats. Salary ranges from $25 to $150 per week.

ROLANDO.—1. 2. It is not settled at the present time. 3. It is so reported. 4. In order to inform you how much money you have in a bank or saloon safe, it would be necessary for us to inspect the cash account.

A. B. C, D.—A and his partner are entitled to all they can make. C having a foul hand, he and his partner cannot count anything. C should have seen that he had five cards, neither more nor less, before he played.

J. A. H., Red Wing.—1. If is out with his don, which, ranking pedro, counts next after high, low, jack and game. 2. Herbert, Providence.—I. Heen

BALL.

GAME.

season that we remember to
ing the past twenty years—
curred on March 9, on which
was inaugurated at Prospect
between selected nines, the
opening display ever seen on
r was very fine, more
attendance was unprecedent-
wd of spectators and players
ly seen on a Saturday after-
d, the interest manifested in
nows that it is just as popular
all that is wanting to restore
ional play in the metropolis
on the square" in every re-
ly dry for so early a period of
rse rough, as all turf fields are
weather. There were plenty
om, and two pretty evenly-
l at 3 P. M., and as soon as the
rame began. Barnie, of last
umbus, caught on one side,
s pitcher, and Curren of the
on the other side, with lit-
Buffalo nine, as pitcher. The
Doescher of the Tecumseh
y Cassidy of the Hartfords,
s assisting.
hat first. Bond getting his base
o Barnie made a base-hit; but
retired in succession before
's side took the bat to the
eclining to pitch until the fifth
kers were easily disposed of,
ttches and Doescher a fine at-
hadwick presented a fine ad-
ner side in any position, and
cents to exertion. In the
off with a base-hit from
ame of it, as the side was
cession afterwards. On the
with a three-baser to right
on an overthrow, the ball
the third inning Barnie's side
catch by Cassidy leading to a
striker had been thrown out,
was made, but no runs scored.
Barnie's team drove anoth-
gic pitching proving to be too
o get even base-hits from, much
owever, now began to hit Ras-
wo strikers getting base-hits,
o muffs gave three lives in
base hit by Ray enabled the
e scored, leaving the score at
arnie's nine rallied a little, and
ase-hits and a bad throw by
d. It was the only one on that
game, Corcoran's pitching being
opponents. Now it was that
though Curren opened with a
wed with another—a beauty to
nn was scored. In the succeed-
one run was made, which went
ned fly by Dooley and another
dy giving it. Not a base-hit was
the last four innings, and
er's fine play at third base en-
splendid pick-ups and accurate
y noteworthy. Curren caught
oran's dodgy delivery—first slow
strategic pitching—and Barnie
rather wild delivery pluckily.
ase play was very good; a wa
base, the others being rather
etty well umpired by S. Mott of
d it ended with this score:

[illegible]CURREN'S SIDE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
0	Corcoran, p....	0	1	0	2	0
0	Curren, c....	0	3	13	1	0
0	McGlynn, 3d b.	1	1	0	0	1
0	Cassidy, 1st b..	2	8	15	1	1
0	Conway, s. s....	1	0	1	2	0
0	Lee, l. f....	1	0	0	0	0
0	Fitzgerald, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0
0	Fox, r. f....	0	0	0	0	0
0	O'Neil, 2d b....	0	0	0	2	1
0	Totals.....	5	27	11	7	3

0 0 1 0 0 0—1
0 5 1 0 1 0—5
arnie's side, 3; Curren's side, 4.
pire, Mr. Smith of the Hudson

played at the Park next Satur-

L TALK.

nce, R. I., was in town last week.
m's ability to make a good posi-
says Cory is a splendid pitcher.
rise thing in playing Sweasy at
t centre field. The club grounds
et, a little over a mile from the
cres are to be fenced in, and the
o accommodate 7,000 people. If
number present at fifty cents ad-
ucky.....Harry Wright has gone
s with Mahn, in opposition to his
ott, the pitcher of the Crickets of
was married last week to a very
amton. They are in Philadelphia
ected that the series of inter-State
n Hornellsville on April 15. They
e the latter part of April. The
he State and International cham-
e their citizens an opportunity to
l the first-class clubs of the coun-
l games will be 25 cents for adults
ler thirteen years of age. Ladies
ted free.....The New England
are to be renewed this season.
ence, R. I. has issued a call for a
land Baseball Association, to be
n inst., at eleven A. M. at the Shet-
ving paid nines are invited to send
ion of the Manchesters, Roche of
er of the Lowells have been ap-
nstitution and by-laws.....Done-
to play his Providence team in
me.....The Alpha nine of Mel-
Fleming, c.; E. Babb, p and cap-
Murphy, 3d b.; Murphy, Sd b.;
ary; G. Merrill, l. f.; Dutton, c. f.;
, substitute.....Hudson, Mass.,
eam. They have secured Nesbi
s of Boston, and Quinn and Gil-
rlestown District. Gardner is to
Westboro, Mass., too proposes to
lines in Worcester County. The
n of Our Boys of Boston to play
field captain.....The Springfield
effective little pitcher in the
ran. He pitched beautifully in
ball team published last week in re-
has E. Phetteplace, at James-
o mention that the time-cer-
brooms (two seams in each
each seam), on a screw p.ss,
, was sixty minutes.

AQUATIC.

A PRAISEWORTHY PROJECT.

The ball which has raised such a hubbub in the amateur aquatic china-shop ever since the Columbias announced their intention of going to England to row has at last been taken by the horns in a way which will assuredly put an end to his obstreperousness and prevent his showing his ugly front in future. While opinions have been divided regarding the proper method of arriving at a solution of the great question of the hour among our amateur boating-men, "Who are the best four, pair and single scullers in America?" and while the leading associations of the country have hesitated to take definite action in the premises, quietly, without any fuss or preliminary sounding of trumpets, a minor inland rowing organization of this State—the Watkins Regatta Association—has stepped into the breach and perfected a plan whereby the problem may be solved in a manner altogether satisfactory. The particulars of what they propose to do cannot yet be given in detail, but the following interesting facts have been promulgated. The Association will hold a regatta, open to all amateurs in America, on Seneca Lake, Watkins, N. Y., on May 29, 30, 31, for the various prizes constituting which valuable prizes will be offered. In addition to these prize events, there will take place special races, respectively for four-oared and 7 air-cared crews and single-scullers, which will be rowed over a straightaway course of one mile and five sixteenths, being the length of the regatta course at Henley-on-Thames, Eng. No prizes will be awarded the winners, but they will have the greater reward of being recognized as the foremost amateur oarsmen of the States, and besides this proud honor they will be entrusted with the enviable duty of upholding the fame of American amateurs at the principal open regattas for this class of oarsmen on the Thames, as also on the Seine during the French Exposition. The Watkins Association will defray the expense involved in sending them abroad, allowing two substitutes for the four, and one for the pair, also sending an extra sculler, in order that crippling through sickness or accident may be guarded against; and they will likewise provide the fortunate oarsmen with a complete new outfit—boats, oars, etc.—so that everything about the races in which they engage will be, as far as they are concerned, essentially American, and the struggle may therefore be depended upon to afford a true test of their strength as oarsmen compared with their brethren of the spoons beyond the Atlantic. That this public spirited project will meet with that general and enthusiastic response from oarsmen in all parts of the country of which it is so eminently deserving, there is no reason to question. With a view to proving beyond all doubt who are really our best amateur oarsmen the amateur fraternity, for the further purpose of sending them to measure their strength against the pick of European boating-men, the Watkins Association have, unsolicited, assumed the responsibility of discharging the onerous duties and paying the expenses of so important a meeting, asking in return only that the leading oarsmen of the country be sent to Seneca Lake; and for the liberal offer thus made they are entitled to the thanks of disciples of the oar everywhere and the generous support of a sport-loving public. The announcement has created a decided sensation in aquatic circles here, and presumably elsewhere, and, as was to be expected, the prevailing feeling is one of very hearty endorsement of the wise action taken by the enterprising interior organization, while already preparations are being made in some quarters to begin the preliminary work requisite to enable candidates for the honors to make a respectable showing among the high-class company certain to be encountered on the occasion of these important events. The technical champions at the present time are: Fours, Watkins Club; pairs, Emerald Club of Saginaw, Michigan; single-scull, Geo. W. Lee of Newark, N. J.; they became so by virtue of their success in the regatta of the National Association last Summer, each rowing 1½ miles straightaway, in the best recorded time. The result of the forthcoming race will tend to prove whether their masters are to be found in the amateur ranks, as some of their rivals have confidently asserted.

METROPOLITAN ROWING ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of this organization was held at the Sturtevant House, this city, on Saturday evening, March 9, representatives being present from the Atalanta, Argonauts, Columbia, Carman, Dauntless, Hesper, Nassau, Nautilus, Undine and Wilson Clubs. The following amendments to the old constitution were adopted and ordered to be inserted in the new: That the executive committee consist of one member from each club; that a vice president, commodore and vice-commodore be added to the list of officers, the two latter to be ex officio members of the executive committee; and that regattas of the club be open to all amateur boat clubs in the world. The following resolution, offered by J. E. Eustis, was passed unanimously:

"In view of the regatta proposed by the Watkins Regatta Association, it is moved that the suggestions offered at the last meeting relative to sending crews to Europe be indefinitely postponed, and that the action of the Watkins Association be heartily endorsed."

The treasurer notified the meeting that the funds were in a rather undesirable condition as regarded quantity, and it was deemed advisable to call upon delinquent clubs to pay their dues. The subject of holding a regatta on July 4 came up, and it was referred to the executive committee; and after the regular meeting had adjourned said committee held a special meeting, and decided to have a regatta on that date on the Hudson River, adjacent to this city. This will be the first regatta of importance held on that water since the disbandment of the old Hudson-river A. R. A.; and if the elements be propitious and the management satisfactory, we may expect to see it successfully conducted by others, and, as a result, a revival of boating interest in the community.

SMALL-YACHT REGATTA.—A meeting of gentlemen interested in the sailing of small open yachts was held on March 6, at 85 South street, this city, the object being to take action in regard to the holding of an annual regatta for craft of this description. The gentlemen present were ex-commodore Noble, Columbia Club; John M. Sawyer, Brooklyn Club; John D. Brassington, Manhattan Club; L. Creymeyer, Pavonia. They organized as an independent committee, adding to their number N. B. Lockwood, Empire, and appointing John H. Robbins, Manhattan. So far as it was possible to do so, the preliminaries for a race, to be known as the "first annual New York Bay regatta for open yachts," were arranged, the same to be sailed June 27 or July 4. All open yachts will be eligible to compete, no entrance-fee will be required, and the prizes will be raised by subscription. Delegates from all open clubs in the States will be invited to attend a further meeting of the committee, the date of which has not yet been fixed.

NORTHWESTERN AMATEUR R. A.—On March 1 a special meeting of this association was held at Saginaw City, Mich., representatives from ten clubs attending. The committee appointed to revise the constitution and by-laws submitted a report, which was in the main favorably acted upon. A new executive board was elected, composed as follows: To serve one year—O. Armstrong, Wah-Wah Sum Club, Saginaw City, Mich.; M. Firnane, Zephyr, Detroit, and C. W. Bates, Excelsior, Detroit. Two years—J. C. Sterling and A. Grant, Floral City, Monroe, and H. C. Potter, Excelsior, Detroit. Three years—J. K. Stevens, Wah-Wah-Sum, Saginaw City; J. H. Southard, Undine, Toledo, O.; and C. W. Brown, Gogua, Battle Creek, Mich. Upon the adjournment of the association the first meeting of the board was held, when Messrs. Stevens, Sterling and Bates were delegated to select the place for holding the next regatta, invitations having been received from Detroit, Toledo, Peoria, Ill., and Madison, Wis., report to be made not later than April 20.

COURTNEY'S BACKING.—A contemporary having commented editorially upon the present aspect of the Courtney-Trickett negotiations, "a deputation of heavy capitalists" says *The Auburn* (N. Y.) *Advertiser* of March 6, "waited upon us to-day and requested us to state in the most positive terms that they would match Courtney against Trickett or any other oarsman in the world for $5,000 or $10,000, and *allow liberal expenses* to any competitor, the race to be rowed on Owasco Lake. We desire the backing party to understand distinctly that Auburn is aroused on the subject of Courtney's rowing. In this section of the country everybody feels reasonably certain that he can output any living oarsman, and nobody need hold back for lack of sufficient money inducements—the sum will be made as large as any person dare ask for."

HANLAN VS. PLAISTED.—This long-pending match still hangs fire, and we don't propose to have our readers put by saying much about it. The agreement drawn up by Plaisted's backers not exactly suiting the Canadian and his friends, they sent fresh articles to Fred. who, after due consideration, has returned them, signed, but slightly altering them so as to make a possible forfeit one-half instead of the entire amount of the stakes, and stipulating that any outside interference, whether it does in reality effect the result of the race or not, shall render it necessary to row the race over again.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION for members of the Analostan Club of Washington, D. C., March 1, resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen: President, L. H. Stevens; vice president, Col. S. N. Benlamin; corresponding secretary, J. Goodrich; recording secretary, J. Wilmer; treasurer, H. S. Wyman; captain, E. Maunder; first lieutenant, W. A. McKeonney; second lieutenant, C. L. Burdett; executive committee, J. Corson, Mellhenny and W. B. Roach; membership committee, Messrs. Postal, Marshall and Bailey.

KYLE VS. VANALSH.—Some sport was furnished the large number of amateurs who were attracted to the Harlem River boathouses by the balmy Spring weather on Sunday, March 10, by the decision of a race between John Kyle, the boat-builder, and W. Vanalsh of Brooklyn, who had compacted to row two miles, in Whitehall boats, each to carry ballast in the shape of a man weighing not less than 280lb. They rowed up stream to Macomb's Dam bridge and back, and Kyle, who led all the way, won by six lengths.

THE OFFICERS of the Williamsburg Yacht Club for the ensuing year are: Commodore, Isaac Merritt; vice-commodore, H. Rohlman; rear-commodore, George Ford; president, J. H. Van Brunt; secretary, C. H. Mielke; assistant-secretary, A. H. Parrick; treasurer, H. Miller; measurer, C. Hooper; C. H. Pfinehout, W. Waters, H. Loose; regatta committee—H. D. Gilford, F. Thorne Jr., J. O'Donnell, W. Joy, L. Smith; steward, W. Smith; sergeant-at-arms, W. Waters.

THE NEW BEDFORD (MASS.) YACHT CLUB elected the following officers March 5: Commodore, John A. Howes; vice-commodore, E. B. Hammond; fleet captain, Thomas F. Wing; secretary, George W. Parker; treasurer, Allen Dews; measurer, William Nye Jr.; directors—J. A. Bullard, W. K. Wagner, R. S. Lawton, Willard Nye, G. W. Kenyon, T. Mandell and appointing John H. Robbins, Manhattan. So far as it was possible to do so, the preliminaries for a race, to be known as the "first annual New York Bay regatta for open yachts," were arranged, the same to be sailed June 27 or July 4. All open yachts will be eligible to compete, no entrance-fee will be required, and the prizes will be raised by subscription. Delegates from all open clubs in the States will be invited to attend a further meeting of the committee, the date of which has not yet been fixed.

ROWING AT FRISCO.—On Feb. 26 a four-oared race in lapstreak boats, over a turning course of about three miles, came off between the following crews: California Theatre Club—J. Harrington (bow), J. Rowan, J. Winters, T. Grossman (stroke). Ariel Club—L. Stevenson (bow), F. Sanders, F. Smith, A. Rogers (stroke). The former crew won by three yards. Time, 24m. 25s.

M. J. MAHONEY, the well-known Boston boat-puller, received a benefit at Beethoven Hall, in that city, March 6. The hall was well filled, and the programme, embracing rowing on hydraulic machines by the Shawmut four (Mahoney, Murphy and the Goldsmiths), and by Fred Plaisted and George Hosmer in singles, minstrelsy, music-hall acts, etc., proved very entertaining.

THE UNION BOAT CLUB of Boston, Mass., last week elected the following officers for their term ending a year hence: President, Henry B. Rice; vice-president, Albert G. Baxter; captain, Charles H. Williams; lieutenant, J. O. Shaw Jr.; secretary, Edward B. Robbins; treasurer, Edward D. Baker; directors—J. E. R. Hill, R. Heber Jones, Frank Seabury.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION for members of the Analostan Club of Washington, D. C., March 1, resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen: President, L. H. Stevens; vice president, Col. S. N. Benlamin; corresponding secretary, J. Goodrich; recording secretary, J. Wilmer; treasurer, H. S. Wyman; captain, E. Maunder; first lieutenant, W. A. McKeonney; second lieutenant, C. L. Burdett; executive committee, J. Corson, Mellhenny and W. B. Roach; membership committee, Messrs. Postal, Marshall and Bailey.

THE OFFICERS of the Arlington Boat Club of Greenpoint, L. I., are: President, Harry B. Moore; vice-president, George C. Bradley; treasurer, A. H. Boltman; secretary, A. J. Valentine; captain, R. J. Young; trainer, G. E. Cushman; trustees, A. McKee, J. Balston, J. Valentine and J. J. Roberts.

MINNESOTA B. C.—This club held their annual meeting at St. Paul March 1, the following being the result of the election: President, Jas. H. Granger; vice-president, G. J. Acker; secretary, C. F. Marvin; treasurer, D. E. Fogarty; coxswain, W. S. Getty; captain, W. H. Hyde.

JOHN PETER JR., formerly of Boston, Mass., and whose races with Walter Brown, John Mekeel and others will be well remembered, has for some years past been a resident of San Francisco, Cal., where he is engaged in a prosperous business.

MORRIS VS. HANLAN.—The articles for this championship match have been duly signed, but no copy has yet been given for publication. As soon as we receive them, we will relieve the anxiety which the boating public feel regarding their contents.

THE SHAWMUT B. C. held an election at Boston March 5, with this result: Captain, John Murphy; secretary, Thos. McLaughlin; treasurer, J. B. Farrell; trustees—Charles Drummett, William Moran, M. J. Murphy.

GEORGE ROARK is building a catamaran, with which he expects to cut considerable of a dash in the yacht races on New York Bay during the approaching season.

SECOND HAND SHELLS are wanted by A. W. Krech, who gives further particulars in an advertisement.

HARRY KELLY'S FATHER died last month, at Putney, London, Eng.

THE AMATEUR TEAM, of which James McCartney of the Friendship Boat Club is captain, are desirous of again pulling against the Broadway police team who beat them in the tug-of-war at the Rink March 9, but they wisely stipulate that the contest shall be decided on fair ground, or on a flooring provided with cleats, so that they may obtain foot-hooding necessary to enable them to contend with a chance of success against men so much heavier than themselves. Aiken's team of the Fifth Precinct, who by virtue of their repeated victories claim to be the "boss men" of the Department, will also be pleased to accept a challenge from the Broadway team. Send it along.

THE TURF.

VERA CRUZ IN COURT.—This racehorse has recently been the subject of a lawsuit in the Nicholasville, Ky., Court. It appears from the evidence adduced on the occasion that in 1875, at Mr. Sanford's annual sale of thoroughbred yearlings, G. D. Wilson of Lexington, in conjunction with Messrs. Williams & Gwings, purchased a colt by Virgil out of Regan, afterwards called Vera Cruz, for the sum of $400. He was entered in some two-year-old stakes, and also in several three-year-old events, and sent to George Rice's stable to be trained. He did very badly at two years old, and could not fulfill any of his engagements. Williams represented to Wilson that the colt was of no account, and on the strength of this statement the latter disposed of his half interest in him to Messrs. Williams & Gwings for $100 cash; they to assume his forfeits in the two-year-old events, amounting to $100, the possible profits of his three-year-old engagements amounting to $700, and Wilson's half of the training bill of the colt about $175. Vera Cruz came out as a three-year-old most brilliantly, winning nearly all his races, and beating the best horses in the country, among them Parole, Tom Ochiltree, King Faro, McWhirter, King William and others, his net earnings in the nine races he won out of the twelve he started for being about $13,000. Wilson now claims that he was foully dealt with, having been induced to sell his interest in the colt by false representations as to the promise of the horse as a racer, hence the suit for the recovery of damages, claimed to be $10,000. Eminent counsel were employed on both sides, and the case created great interest among Kentucky turfmen. The jury brought in a verdict for Wilson in the sum of $150.

SMUGGLER AND RARUS.—Colonel Russell, the owner of the trotting stud-stallion Smuggler, has been fortunate enough to save forfeiture of the sum of $1,500 under the following circumstances: In THE CLIPPER of Feb. 9 he published a challenge offering to trot his stallion against R. B. Conklin's gelding Rarus three races for $1,000 a side each race, the forfeit to be $500 in each case, and the forfeits for the three races, amounting to $1,500 a side, to be put up on the acceptance of the challenge, which would remain open up to Feb. 25. Instead of promptly accepting this offer at the time and place specified, which was in New York, Mr. Conklin publishes an acceptance in a Chicago paper of the date of Feb. 5, which did not reach this city until Feb. 26, or one day after the time fixed for the acceptance or rejection of Col. Russell's challenge. Just previous to this date intelligence was received from San Francisco, where Rarus resides, to the effect that the horse had fallen lame, and could not trot; and thus Mr. Conklin, by not promptly accepting Col. Russell's challenge, lost his opportunity of capturing the $1,500 forfeit, greatly to his present chagrin.

GREAT EASTERN.—The proposal of the Babylon trainer Charles S. Green, to trot his big horse Great Eastern against Smuggler, either one race for $2,000 a side, or six races for $1,000 a side each, not having been accepted by Colonel Russell (whose horse is reported to have gone amiss), he now challenges any horse in the world to saddle, mile heats, best three in five, for $1,000 a side, at the different points of Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Poughkeepsie, Springfield and Hartford; to trot on the last day of each meeting at these places. The gigantic son of Walkill Chief has a harness record of 2:19, but rumor alleges he can go several seconds below that time under saddle. It is to be hoped that some response will be made to this plucky proposal of the Long Island trainer.

ARISTIDES AND TEN BROECK.—H. P. McGrath has his Aristides in regular training on his track near Lexington, Ky., and he declares his intention, if the horse stands the ordeal of a strong preparation without injury, of running him against Ten Broeck two miles during the Spring. It will be remembered that Aristides beat Ten Broeck on two occasions at three years old.

TWO TROTS on the ice took place at St. Albans, Vt., March 6. The first was for 2:33 horses, a purse won by Jim, owned by Thos. Tierney. The other race was for 3:00 nags, and was taken by J. Barnes' Jim, his best time being 2:37.

TROTTING ON ICE was in order at Belle Ewart, Ont., March 7. A race for 2:40 horses was won by Garafraxa, whose best time was 2:34. Hamilton won the Innisfil purse; best time, 2:42½.

PICKING UP STONES.—On Monday next, March 18, there will be decided at Joe Carelens' "Old House at Home," Wayne avenue, Paterson, N. J., a match as follows: Peter Nolan is backed by Robert Collinge against Thomas Harford, to pick up 100 stones a yard apart, taking each stone and depositing it at the place of starting. Dowd has, we learn, done the feat before in 41min. 15sec. There is considerable betting on the event, and a large attendance promises to be quite large. The stake is $50 a side.

AMUSEMENTS.

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NEW MUSIC.—Bobby Newcomb's latest song and-dance, "Little Cherry Blossom," 40c. "Little Ones Asleep," by M. O'Reardon, 35c. "Wake Not My Darlings," by O'Rearion, 35c. "Marriage Bells," song-and-dance, 40c. BARDING'S, 229 Bowery, opposite French's Hotel, N. Y. City. 51-1t*

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Shows how to arrange music for Orchestra. Price 25cts. Send stamp for New Music. P. Stamps (1's, 2's and 3's) taken.
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Having returned to New York for the purpose of strengthening my company and putting the scenery and mechanical effects in good repair, I shall open a Spring season at the
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MR. DOMINICK MURRAY,
specially engaged to play the character of CONN,
Mr. R. C. Porter, Mr. Charles Harris,
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Mr. Harry Crossman, Mr. George Patton,
Miss Mary Stanley, Mr. Gus Thomas,
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Must be cheap. Address RAILROAD,
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Fire kings, Gymnasts and Pantomimists,
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This new, magnificent theatre has been erected in the most central part of the city. The auditorium will seat 1,200 persons. Large stage and dressing-rooms, lighted with gas; and the scenery is elaborate. For dates, rent or sharing terms, address HOWARD CLIFTON,
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A LEADER OF ORCHESTRA
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NOTICE TO MANAGERS.

Noticing in a recent issue of THE CLIPPER that a CERTAIN PARTY, in advertising his UNCLE TOM CO., claims to be the first to introduce colored people in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and further claims to be the originator of the Plantation Festival Scene, allow me, through the medium of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, to state the following facts, and forever set at rest the mooted question, which I have heard noised about New York, and have the credit of the above feature, which has been given to every person but the proper one, placed where it belongs. I never attached importance enough to the argument either to contradict or assert my claims; but when parties become so bold that a verbal claim does not satisfy them, and rush the same in public print, I deem it high time to check their aspirations by

BOLDLY ASSERTING

the following facts relative to the introduction of the NEGRO in UNCLE TOM'S CABIN: Therefore, be it known, that on the TWENTY-FOURTH DAY OF JANUARY, 1876, I, JOHN H. SLAVIN, was the FIRST to introduce the Simon-pure negro in the drama of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN at the BOWERY THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY, and the "introduction" was simply composed of ten colored people known as SLAVIN'S ORIGINAL AND ONLY GEORGIA JUBILEE SINGERS. The piece, with this new feature, attained a successful run of three weeks. I then entered into contract with Messrs. Ward & Jarvis for its production on the road, with the above feature, and the assertions of this party are unfounded in every particular, as he was in no way whatsoever connected with the colored people or their first entree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I afterwards allowed them to perform at the Grand Opera-house, Broadway, etc. Relative to the origination of the PLANTATION FESTIVAL SCENE, I would inform the gentleman that the Plantation Dance, shouts, etc., were part and parcel of the programme at the

BOWERY THEATRE, MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 24, 1876.

And further, I refer to Messrs. Robbins, Meath, Ward, Jarvis, and others whom I could name to substantiate my statement. I would also state that I AM PREPARED to make engagements for the production of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, with all the OLD attendant features above named, and many new ones not used by other companies, and refer with pride to the following **STELLAR ATTRACTIONS:**

LITTLE AMY SLAVIN EVA. The smallest midget who has ever played the part. THE RICHMOND (VA.) STATE, speaking of her, uses the following language: "She is without question the brightest little being we have ever seen—an ethereal little fairy—better suited for the company of angels than mortals."

KATE PARTINGTON AS TOPSY.
The only Topsy who introduces banjo-solos, songs-and-dances. THE CLEVELAND PLAINDEALER, in reviewing her creation, says: "Kate Partington makes a most original Topsy, as she can dance and sing and play the banjo, and at the same time does not overdo the actine. She made a great hit last evening."

ISABELLA MILES. The greatest colored cantatrice living, possessing a flexibility of voice truly wonderful; her runs and trills are astonishing.

J. M. WADDY, former basso of the ORIGINAL HAMPTON STUDENTS. Without question the best colored basso that this musical race has produced.

A. AL LUCCA, tenor, has a long established reputation as one of the famous Lucca Bros. His association with the Hyers Sisters and his musical directorship of Callender's Georgia Minstrels give assurance of the completeness of the vocal portion of this combination, which is under his efficient control.

THE GEORGIA JUBILEE SINGERS,
composed of COLORED SINGERS of only accepted ability, in their SHOUTS, CHANTS, etc.

THE SABLE QUINTET, a rare combination of voices, which captivates every audience before whom they sing.

The above vocal and musical artists have many attractive features, and their introduction of THE OLD-TIME ORCHESTRA OF BANJOS, FIDDLES, TAMBOS, BONES, JAW-BONES, CASTANETS, CONGO-SHELLS, TRIANGLES, etc., in the original Plantation Festival scenes, rouses the audience to wildest enthusiasm. The above, and a

FIRST-CLASS DRAMATIC COMPANY AS SUPPORT,

I OFFER TO MANAGERS OF FIRST-CLASS THEATRES ONLY.

Particular attention is called to the following elegant, new illuminated printing, gotten up expressly for me by the National Printing Company, and used by no other company. Remember, I use plenty of it: 9-sheet Plantation (new), 3-sheet Tom, 3-sheet Topsy (new), 3-sheet Eva (new), 3-sheet Marks and Phineas (new), 3-sheet Ice scene (new), 3-sheet Flogging, 3-sheet Death-scene (new), 1-sheet Cabin (new), 3-sheet Block (new), new streamers, two new lithographs—one of Eva and one of Tom—half-sheet window card, two colors, half-sheet hanger (new). What THE CLEVELAND SUNDAY POST of Feb. 24, 1878, says: "The past week, financially speaking, has probably been the most successful one of the season; the closing performance of the Slavin Combination was attended by a perfect crush of humanity. So great was the rush that four extra policemen had to be called in to assist in seating the great mass. Standing-room was announced at ten minutes past seven, and it is estimated that over 900 people were turned from the door, unable even to reach the box office. The company is a good one. The Eva is unapproachable, and the Topsy is intensely funny." 51-1t

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who plays all the popular airs with orchestral accompaniment, has open dates after April 15. Address CLARENCE BURTON, Erie, Pa. 51-1t*

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SONGS, DRAMAS,
Burlesques, Lectures, etc., written to order.
Apply to WM. R. WATTS,

THE DRUNKARD'S ALPHABET.

PITTSFIELD, Jan. 12, 1878

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* The "Theatrical Alphabet" you published this week reminded me of a "Drunkards' Alphabet" that some of "us boys" concocted years ago, and used to sing to the tune of "Villikens and his Dinah." As near as I can remember it was like the inclosed copy, which you are welcome to, if it is worth taking. Yours truly, "OLD BOY."

A stands for Apple Jack, a very strong drink;
B stands for Brandy—still stronger, I think;
C stands for Cider, bad stuff when it's hard;
While D stands for Drinks. Will you have one, old pard?

E stands for Egg-nog, mixed up in a pail;
F stands for Faucet, the outlet of ale;
G stands for Gin, which the 'Old-liners" take;
And H stands for Heidsieck, the best drink they make.

I stands for "Innards," the place to put rum;
J's "Jersey Lightning," which makes the same hum;
K stands for Kirchner, the Albany brewer;
L is the Lamppost, so steady and sure.

M stands for Mint and Malt and Moselle;
N stands for Nerves, upon which they tell;
O stands for Old Rye—just pass it along;
And P stands for Porter, which makes a man strong.

Q stands for Queer—in the memory, you know;
R is the Rum which makes you feel so;
S stands for Sillery, a kind of sweet wine;
While T stands for Tremens—not any in mine.

U stands for Up—in somebody's saloon;
V is the Victim they'll make of you soon;
W stands for Water, which to drink is a task;
And "X" is a brand you'll find on a cask.

Y stands for Young Men, who get drunk and shout;
Z stands for "Zip!" as they go "up the spout;"
And when by exertion you know all by heart,
If the Devil don't get you, you'll be pretty smart.

THE GREEN CURTAIN:

A STORY OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE NIGHT BEFORE THE DUEL.

O'Grady, who was a deft hand, made the punch, and Leslie produced some cigars he had made it a rule to reserve for occasions of special importance. He had but one box, a present from the eminent Mr. Buzenval, who had got a few thousands from some celebrated Spanish opera-singer, or perhaps dancer—my recollection is at fault. At any rate, they were such as money could not buy, and it was fitting that such fumigation as they created should mark a sederunt like the present.

"Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutant!" said Leslie, lifting his first glass of O'Grady's delightful compound, and indulging in a long pull. "Smoke, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye die—is not that it?"

"The reading is authorized by the best commentators," nodded O'Grady solemnly, swallowing his first mouthful. "But let us speak of something less classical and more cheerful."

"Very well. Tell me what you think of Rose."

"I object to that line of cross-examination entirely. The Court rules it out."

"But just say—and the subject is dismissed."

"I think her delicious, and that is an epithet one may apply only to women and peaches. Now tell me what you know of the Binomial Theory."

"Soon told—nothing. I don't know what it is, and never heard of it before. Your health, O'Grady."

"Yours, me boy ——"

"What capital sarcasm! Fine state of health I'm in, aint I? One foot in the grave—doctors are in vain. Look out for my epitaph, my dear O'Grady—write up all my virtues."

"Well, I am not good at fiction, but I'll try my best. A biographical sketch and obituary was put in type this afternoon. Your praises are sounded to the top of the compass, and your friends will have laughter for a week."

With these and like jokes the two gentlemen over their refreshment poked each other's flagging spirits. But I am bound to say they were as merry as two people could be expected to be under such circumstances. After a while Mr. O'Grady, being a little mellow, sang a song. Then Leslie tried to sing, but broke down, and then the lights seemed to grow pale and things to grow somewhat dismal. The more punch they swallowed the more dreary their conviviality appeared, and at last O'Grady rose to go.

Leslie tried to detain him longer; but it was no use.

"No, sir," he said, putting on his hat and pulling his coat about him. "Moderation in all things—thus f-far sh'l thou go, no—no farfariar. S'proverb S'lom'n—proverb'l phlosify."

"And, O'Grady," said Leslie anxiously, "you *do* think I was right about this—to fight and stand the ridicule?"

"Right—ri' as a trivet; always ri', s'r," replied the journalist oracularly. "Who's right can't be wrong, any way you can fix it."

"And Rose—I am so afraid people will suspect her as the real cause of the meeting; and think what scandal, what distress, must follow!"

"No matter, sir. Do your d-doochy—England 'spects every man do his jooty—and it's your jooty to fight—put bullock—bullet in him."

Leslie felt that his friend's views were not so clear as they had been earlier in the evening; but it was gratifying that, such as they were, they coincided with his own.

And so now, Mr. O'Grady showing a desire to go down the stairs, and a tendency to plunge down headforemost, Leslie took his arm and accompanied him in a careful descent and to the front door, where, with much handshaking, they parted.

Leslie then returned to the room, filled with the fragrance of punch and cigars, and, looking at his watch, found that the hands had not yet reached eleven. For a little while he watched them, ticking off the minutes one after another, smiling, but with a vague pang at his heart. Time—how he had wasted it! Was this his last night on earth? In his mind he saw the dismal drama of the morrow—the gray dawn—the chill in the air—his enemy before him—a flash—a report—a bullet through his heart—darkness!

His thoughts turned to the recent conversation with his friend. They were to meet in the morning quite informally at the station and take their places in the train casually, like other passengers, and get off at stations a mile apart—Leslie going ahead and then returning to the appointed spot in whatever vehicle he could procure. This to divert possible detectives.

M. Foinard was not to spend the night in town, but intended to take the last train for his mother's home in the country. This would enable him to catch the morning train at a point on the road and find his friend De Latour and Dr. Weissenberg.

"And Rose, alone," thought Leslie, "is ignorant of all this. She may lose her husband—there is a chance; she may lose me, whom she loves better—there are many chances."

He stood up. A daring idea had occurred to him.

"Foinard leaves town at twelve. He is doubtless on his way to the station now. What if I visit Rose—and see her for the last time?"

The impulse mastered him. In a moment he was putting on his coat and preparing for the street.

"Time enough to pack my things and write my letters when I return," he said.

He turned down the gas and quietly left the house. In the street he stepped away very quickly. Walking briskly, he soon reached M. Foinard's dwelling. Rather to his surprise, the light in Rose's room was still burning brightly. He had half feared to see the house in darkness. No one about—into the garden he stole cautiously. His present state of mind was very different from what it had been on his previous nocturnal expedition in this quarter, and he could not help smiling at the ridiculous side of the situation. He felt, indeed, a little foolish, making this burglarious entry; but the time was critical, the necessity urgent. His former friend, the ladder, stood in its old place, and without delay he placed it under the window in the rear and speedily mounted to the balcony. He tapped gently on the pane. The shadow he had seen on the blind instantly stopped in its restless movement about the room. He had known already, with a lover's intuition, whose shadow this was. The curtain was raised, and within stood Rose. She was not the least startled. She approached and raised the sash, and he stepped into the room.

"Rose," he said, "you may think there is no excuse for this repeated outrage; but to-morrow, perhaps, you will know better. A necessity which respects nothing has brought me here; yet if you command me to retire, I shall do so instantly."

"I do not understand you," she said with a coldness he had never seen in her manner before, and that distressed him greatly.

"Unhappily, I cannot explain; but time will make all plain. I am a villain and a fool to thus intrude a second time upon the sanctity of your private chamber. Think what you please—only listen to me."

"There are limits to everything—even to suffering—even to patience, which is a form of suffering—and you have reached mine."

"Rose, spare me!"

"Before you had me in your power I was afraid; but I am so no longer." She seized the bell-rope. "I shall now summon my servants."

"Stay, Rose!" he said, retreating. "Your persecution is at an end forever—at least, so far as concerns me. You need not call your servants. Farewell."

He returned instantly to the balcony, closing the window behind him, and descended to the ground. The city clocks struck midnight. In all his life never had he felt so humiliated. It was over. He had by this frantic precipitation destroyed himself. Struggling with his shame and remorse, he went along the deserted streets homeward, walking quickly. As he turned a corner into Broadway, his hat over his eyes, he collided with a gentleman.

"Hallos!" said an angry but well-known voice. "Be a little more careful, my friend."

It was Mr. Bulmer.

He recognized Leslie now, and said:

"Thorne, by Jupiter! Where are you going in such a devil of a hurry? A stranger would suppose you had just committed a murder, and were running away."

"Perhaps I *have* committed a murder," returned Leslie, a little savagely.

Alas! had he not murdered his best hopes?

"Well," returned the manager, staring hard at his pale face and disordered aspect, "you look like it. You might do the First Murderer in 'Macbeth' without using a particle of make-up, but just as you are."

"Thanks; I appreciate the compliment," he said recklessly. "I don't think there is any man in New York who feels worse than I do to-night."

Without another word he strode by, pursuing his way, while Bulmer stared after him in astonishment.

"There's something wrong in that quarter," soliloquized the manager of the Vaudeville, lighting a fresh cigar. "I am sorry that affair with Foinard has happened; but still, if a duel follows, the advertisement will be immense."

Thus consoling himself, he resumed his walk. Leslie, letting himself into his house with his latchkey, drank a little sherry and water, and proceeded to write his letters. One, addressed to his father, occupied him some time. This done, and the various envelopes sealed and piled together on the desk, he called his servant, who had waited up for him all the evening, and proceeded to pack. When this also was completed it was quite two o'clock. The train left in the neighborhood of four.

"Browne, I shall not go to bed, I believe; so you may return to yours."

Browne was glad to be dismissed, we need hardly say; and now Leslie took up a book to while away the little time remaining. The volume was not very interesting; he dozed; he slept. In ten minutes he was enjoying a slumber as deep and refreshing as that of childhood. At four o'clock he was still asleep.

CHAPTER XVII.—MURDERED.

This lethargy lasted till eight o'clock, when Leslie heard footsteps in the room, but was still too stupid to rouse himself. Doors were opened and closed, the furniture moved and papers rustled, of which he had a drowsy consciousness; but he did not recover his faculties until he heard the meek voice of the penitent Browne, who also had overslept himself, repeating his name several times. Leslie sat up suddenly and rubbed his eyes. The sun was shining in at the windows, brilliantly lighting up the room.

"Good Heaven! what time is it, Browne?" he demanded aghast, for with returned consciousness he recollected everything.

"A few minutes past eight, sir," said the domestic in a most deprecatory tone.

"Past eight!"

Browne carefully inspected his silver watch.

"Three minutes, sir."

What fatality! His opponent had gone to the field—had waited in vain—was by this time speeding back to New York, enjoying in anticipation the delightful ridicule which must follow his enemy's cowardly back-down.

"He shan't laugh until he has given me another chance," said Leslie, rising. "The code absolves him; but if he thirsts for my blood, as he professes, he will not mind that."

He arranged his dress a little, and directed Browne to bring him a cup of coffee and the newspaper. As he sipped this matutinal nectar he glanced over the columns of *The Forum*. His eye lighted suddenly on the following startling headlines:

"Mysterious murder! A well-known gentleman assassinated in the street!"

The narrative which followed was terrible indeed. M. Foinard, well known in theatrical circles as the husband and business-manager of the distinguished actress Miss Rose Aylmer, had been found, shortly after midnight, lying in the street not far from the Grand Central Depot, quite dead, and evidently the victim of assassination. His corpse on examination showed four distinct stabs in the back, directly under the shoulder. Many rumors were in circulation in regard to this frightful affair; but as yet not the slightest clue had been found leading to the murderer. It was, however, well established that M. Foinard had had yesterday a serious quarrel with a well-known dramatist, on the stage of the Vaudeville Theatre, and that a challenge had passed between them. No one, of course, connected these events with the cowardly assassination of the deceased; but the coincidence was peculiar, and might yet serve to show how striking and dramatic complications sometimes arise in real life, even more startling, as Lord Byron has said, than those of fiction. There was a great deal of the account; but this was the essence, and Leslie read it over twice before he fully comprehended the extent of the tragedy. His first thought, I fear, was a selfish one: "Rose is a widow!" His next hardly less so: "Foinard was not on the dueling-ground, this morning, any more than myself." A mountain was lifted from his bosom. He had not felt such exultation—an exultation it was impossible to suppress—since his boyhood.

"By this time I expected to be dead. Instead, it is poor Foinard who is dead, while I am beginning a new life."

He thought of the dead man with more tenderness than he had ever felt for him when alive. Their relations were altered indeed now. He pitied him, "such a fool, poor fellow." He decided to go at once to the Vaudeville. People of his acquaintance stared at him curiously as he walked through the streets, and turned and looked back after him when he had gone by. Some bowed a little coldly, he thought, and old Mr. Bolter, the well-known Christian broker and philanthropist, who sold the bonds of the Aircastle and Nihilton Railroad, which afterwards turned out such a swindle, even cut him dead.

At the Vaudeville Theatre a great crowd of journalists, theatrical people and quidnuncs had gathered, and were discussing the event of the night before in subdued whispers. Leslie's appearance created a profound sensation. Here, also, he was stared at strangely, and—shunned; there was no mistaking that. Mr. Buzenval came in a cab and got out, and as he ran nimbly up the steps spied Leslie, through his gold eyeglasses, and approached him instantly.

"My dear Thorne," he said anxiously, "this is very distressing. I was never more shocked in my life."

The crowd had now gathered about the trio, and every man's ears were open.

"Distressing indeed," returned Leslie.

"They say you had a difficulty with the poor fellow yesterday on the stage here."

"It is quite true. He struck me across the face with his cane, and I suppose the mark shows a little yet."

"Yes—I see," said Buzenval, "and I believe he taunted you with unwillingness to challenge him, and hinted that you preferred to—to—in fact, assassinate."

"Quite true. He was very insulting—and so much so that I was at length induced to offer the challenge, and the affair was to have come off this morning."

"My information agrees with that perfectly. You went to the dueling-ground, then, this morning, and of course he did not make his appearance, so you returned at once to New York?"

"No; I did not go to the dueling-ground. Unfortunately, I overslept myself."

"Indeed!" said Buzenval, looking troubled. "You, then, have not seen poor Foinard since yesterday morning?"

"No."

Mr. Buzenval hesitated a little, and cleared his throat, and nervously adjusted his eyeglasses.

"A—um—I believe you know that Bulmer is to testify at the inquest to-day that he met you last night?"

"I did not know it; but he will testify correctly. I certainly met him, and we had some conversation."

"You were excited, according to his account, and probably do not recollect what that conversation was."

Leslie was stunned. A new light broke upon his mind. He perceived for the first time where Buzenval's cross-examination was leading.

"My God! no one surely suspects me of murdering the unfortunate man!" he exclaimed, white as death.

Buzenval cleared his throat again, this time with great energy.

"Well, of course those who know you," he said, hesitating, "are aware that any—any suspicion—the very slightest—cannot attach to you; but here, you know, has been an atrocious murder—the papers are already clamorous—they blame the police—and it is only natural that the police should exercise every possible energy to unravel the thing—do you see?"

"Then I *am* suspected?"

"If you are, you can clear yourself, I feel sure. As for the conversation with Bulmer, I suppose you were joking entirely. Any man, a little bothered as you seemed to be about something, might have used the same language."

"What *was* the language? I hardly recollect."

"Nothing much of itself," answered Mr. Buzenval, still dubiously; "but taken in connection with—a—with subsequent events—a—*peculiar*. He says you ran into him as you turned the corner of the street, and that you had your hat over your eyes, and he remarked, in a jest, from your plight one would suppose you had just committed a murder and were trying to escape; and also in answer to something he said about your resemblance to the First Murderer in 'Macbeth,' you rejoined bitterly that no man in New York felt worse than you did at that moment."

"Do not omit my reply to his first remark," said Leslie. "I answered that perhaps I *had* committed a murder."

"Of course—of course," said Buzenval, who was extremely good-natured as a rule, though sometimes pettish. "He told me that; but I ——"

"You hesitated to repeat anything so particularly unfortunate. It is all true; I used just that language, and my manner was, I've no doubt, as much disturbed as he describes. Nevertheless, I need hardly say I had nothing to do with the assassination of M. Foinard."

"Of course not; and you have your alibi ready. You are perfectly willing to say where you were last night between eleven and twelve, and to prove your assertion."

Leslie stood thunderstruck. He shuddered and turned deadly pale. Buzenval eyed him curiously.

"No; I cannot tell where I was between those hours, Mr. Buzenval. Unfortunately for me, I can give no explanation whatever," said Leslie hopelessly.

A very embarrassing pause ensued. Buzenval looked down as if seeking inspiration from the marble blocks in the floor, smoothing his chin thoughtfully.

"But—but if this should—all things are possible, you know, in a world like ours—if this should get before a jury you would most likely be pressed for an explanation."

"Pressure there might be, indeed; but it would prove ineffectual. Not torture itself should wring from me an explanation that might involve other interests than my own, and far dearer."

Now, Mr. Buzenval was a shrewd man. His three hundred and odd dramas display an intimate acquaintance with the motives of human action. Leslie's last speech threw a flood of light upon the present situation, and his countenance brightened considerably. He even seemed to be trying to hide a smile.

"I honor that sentiment, sir," he said, shaking Leslie's hand. "Worded a little differently—rounded into an effectual period—and delivered with proper emphasis, from behind the float, it would be sure of three rounds, sir. Just the thing for a crossing. By the way, don't you feel like a cigar?"

He took Leslie's arm and led him into the street, away from the group of gossips by whom they had been surrounded.

"You will pardon, Mr. Thorne," said he, "what may at first appear as presumption, and even impertinence on my part; but from present appearances I am afraid this little affair is likely to give you some annoyance—only temporary, perhaps, but distressing while it lasts. Let me ask bluntly if there is not, as usual, a lady in the case?"

Mr. Buzenval's eyes twinkled mischievously.

"Undoubtedly," replied Leslie.

"So I thought."

A long pause ensued. Finally Mr. Buzenval said rather irrelevantly:

"Queer thing about Madame Foinard, too, wasn't it?"

"What about her?"

"Did you not hear? She has disappeared."

"Since when?" asked Leslie, astonished.

His fellow-dramatist looked at him very queerly.

"Since about twelve o'clock last night," he replied. "She is supposed to have left her house about that time, and no one, not even her maid, knows where she is."

"Upon my word, this is news to me," said Leslie. "I hope you do not imagine I spirited her away."

"Then you really were ignorant of a purpose on her part to—to, in fact, vanish?"

"I swear it."

Mr. Buzenval was again puzzled.

At this point Leslie was approached by two men whom he had noticed in his wake as he walked with Buzenval. They were somewhat singular-looking individuals—collected and a little stern in manner, with shrewd and determined eyes, and countenances, on the whole, unpleasant.

One of them touched Leslie on the shoulder. He shuddered under that cold hand.

"Mr. Leslie Thorne, I believe?"

"That is my name."

"You must come with me, sir. I arrest you for the murder of Armand Foinard."

TO BE CONTINUED.

He Got Tired.

Yesterday forenoon a fatherly-looking man appeared at the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues, and asked a pedestrian where the Home of the Friendless was, saying that he desired to adopt a child. He was given the information, but, after the lapse of an hour, he had progressed only one block. He seemed to have put away several glasses of beer, and his eyes had a heavy look as he asked of a boy:

"Bub, kin you tell me where the Friend of the Homeless is?"

The boy told him, and the stranger went up as far as the monument, wandered around by the market, and at noon was heard asking a woman:

"Mad-am, kin you tell me where to find the Homes of the Homeless, as I want to a-dopt a orphan?"

She didn't know, and he didn't seem to care much, as he felt sleepy. When dragged out of an alley about mid-afternoon, he looked vacantly around, and queried:

"Iz zhis er Friendless of er Homeless, or er Houseless of er Friendless, or er Friendship of er Homeless, or what?"

"Do you want to adopt an orphan?" asked the officer.

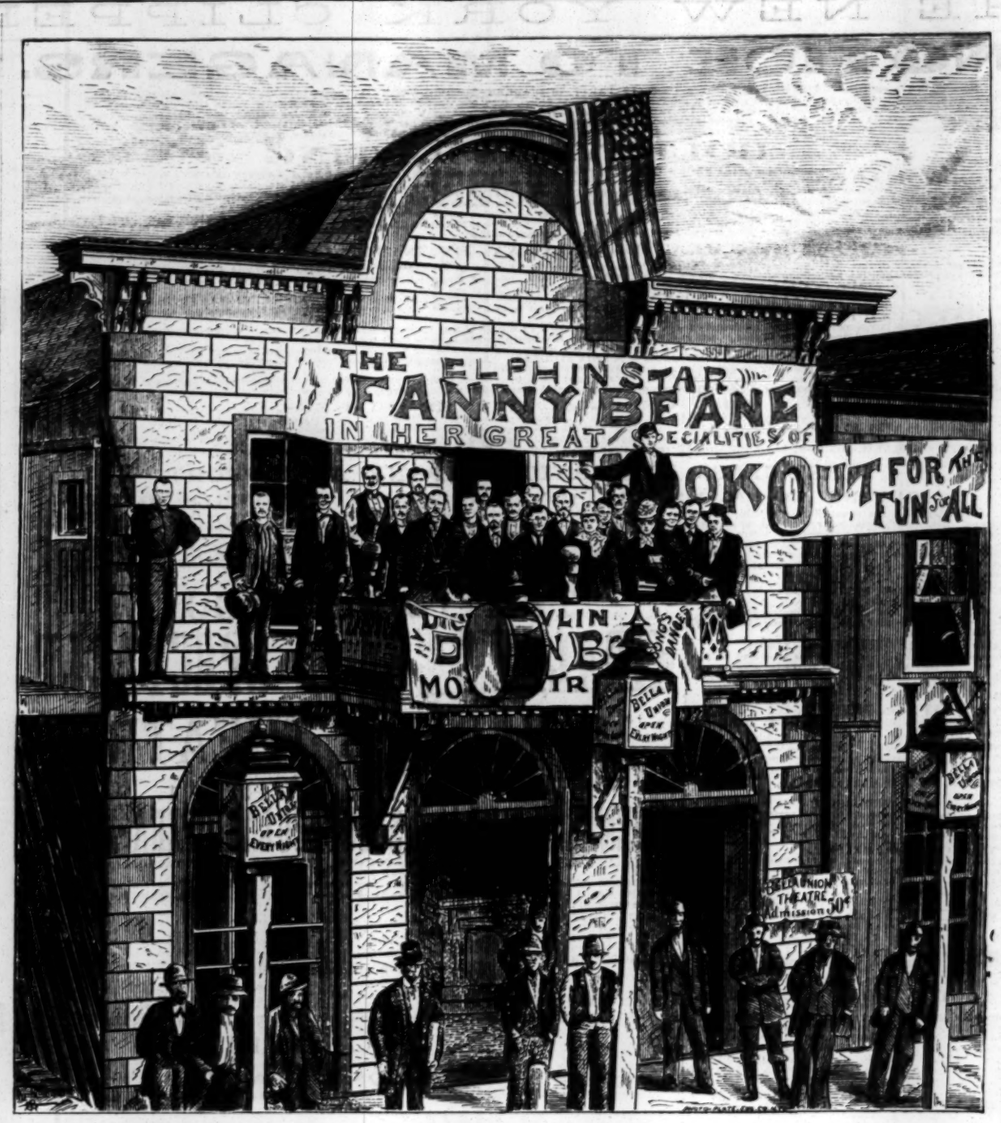
The stranger lurched along for a whole block, deeply thinking, and then answered:

"Nozur; I want a orfun to slopt me."

He was adopted till the next session of the Central Station Court.—*Detroit Free Press.*

M. AURELIEN SCHOLL has just traced an interesting sketch of what he calls "the press uncnained," in France; that is, the 1,800 various journals which appeared between the fall of Louis XVI and that of Charles X. All the Presidents of the Convention, with the exception of two or three, were journalists, and most of them perished on the scaffold. Among the Royalist journals which appeared at the commencement of the Revolution was *The Acts of the Apostles*, which was started in 1789. The first number was dated "Year 0 of liberty," and one of its articles says: "Six months ago Louis was master of 24,000,000 subjects, but now he is the only subject of 24,000,000 kings." The fourth newspaper on M. Scholl's list is *The Defender of the Constitution*, which had Maximilian Robespierre for chief-editor. It first appeared in June, 1792, and advocated Conservative principles. Journal No. 5, called *The Patriots' Breakfast of the People*, only published seventy numbers. No. 9, or *The Republican Soup Dish*, "for the use of ignorant deputies and those who propose to betray the country," was edited by Labenette, and was singularly violent. In this list we also find *L'Ami du Peuple* of Marat, *The Pere Duchesne* of Hebert, *The Louterne* of Mirabeau, and such a curious collection of titles as *Balsam's Ass*, *The National Whip*, *Cat and Dog St. Anthony's Pig*, *Methusalem*, *Cursed Mess*, *M. Necker's Tail*, *Hang Me*, *Flea in the Ear*, *The Petticoats of Madame Angot*, etc.

THE Chinese play a game called tan, in which small buttons are thrown from a box, like dice, and the players guess whether the number is odd or even. Wong Ah Lee was caught, in San Francisco, using a box that had a slot to hold a button, with a spring so arranged as to drop or retain it at will. His companions cut off his cue.



BELLA UNION THEATRE, DEADWOOD, D. T.

Above we present our readers with a view of a variety theatre in the Black Hills, from a photograph by B. Manville. The manager, company, orchestra and attaches are grouped upon the balcony. Reports of the attractions presented, etc., appear from time to time in our columns.

LES MISERABLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER AND DEDICATED TO ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

I.

I said: "Be true, be brave, be just;
Build for yourself a better trust."
I lifted up her weary eyes,
I held the stronger faith up high,
High up as heaven, till the cry
Stilled in her heart and glad surprise
Swept over all her life of lies.

II.

I stood before her, straight and tall,
I saw her eyes I heard her call,
Out from the inner mysteries
The hell came up, the heaven fell down,
I sprang from 'neath my honest crown
Of honest life as 'neath the skies,
And loved? Ah, God! those lives are lies!

III.

Poor little purpose, deemed the best!
Poor god-brute soul, too weak to test!
But I could look in heavenly eyes,
And swear—she fills so full my life,
So thrills and maddens with sweet strife—
That I would tear from out the skies
The right, with her, to all life's lies!

IV.

If she were not—ah, me! ah, me!
If I were not—ah, God! I see,
Beyond, two lives so utter lone,
That winning, having, holding, all
The supreme sweets of living fall [strewn.
Like poor dead leav s wind-whipped and
Now, guiltless one, cast ye the stone!

Chicago, February 1878. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

NELLIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY MAGNOLIA.

"My dearest Juliet, what is the matter? What has happened?" exclaimed Mrs. Kilby, as, entering her friend's dressing room, she discovered that lady bathed in tears and eau de cologne.

Mrs. Mullet answered only by a fresh burst of tears, while the tips of her slippers industriously beat a tattoo accompaniment on the sofa.

"Any bad news? Anybody ill?" solicitously inquired Mrs. Kilby.

Mrs. Mullet shook her head in speechless distress.

"Your new silk!" exclaimed her friend, in sudden excitement. "That Madame De Musset has spoiled it?"

"Oh, no, no!" moaned Mrs. Mullet; "*that* is all right, fits beautifully. But O Charlotte, the baseness and deceitfulness of m n!"

Charlotte's eyes contracted shrewdly.

"Ah, that is it? Well, my dear, it is only what I have always predicted, as you know. How often have I told you that husbands are all alike, and not to be trusted, and that you would some day find it out. But tell me all about it. Perhaps I may be able to help you."

With much soothing and coaxing and fanning and bathing with bay rum and camphor, Mrs. Mullet was enabled to reveal the cause of her trouble, which she did as follows:

"You see, he—Gustavus, I mean—had been behaving very strangely and mysteriously for some time past, and I felt convinced that he was keeping a secret from me. Yesterday I charged him with it, and you should have seen how guilty he looked, though he affected to make a jest of it. Then I determined to watch him; and it was this very evening, not two hours ago, that I found out the cause of his altered and mysterious conduct."

"Well, dear, go on!" said Mrs. Kilby, her eyes brightening.

"We had dined, and Gustavus, who had been very absent and hurried, said he must go out immediately on important business."

"Always the same excuse," interrupted Charlotte contemptuously. "They are all exactly alike."

"I stood at the window and watched him going down the front steps. I wanted to see what direction he would take. And just then Mr. Kilby passed on the opposite side of the street, and crossed over to speak to him. I raised the window noiselessly an inch or two, and heard him say: 'Well, Mullet, what about Nellie?' And Gustavus answered: 'All right; she's mine!' O Charlotte, only imagine my feelings!"

"Indeed, Juliet, I sympathize with you. And the idea of Kilby having anything to do with it! Was that all that he said?"

"No; he said: 'Lucky dog! She's a beauty—ain't she?' And Gustavus replied: 'Splendid—such an eye!'"

"The wretches!" parenthesized Mrs. Kilby.

"And Mr. Kilby said: 'Such a step—such a leg.'"

"He said *that!*"

"Indeed he did. And when Mr. Mullet remarked he was just going down to see Nellie—think of that, Charlotte, and I neglected at home—he proposed to meet him there, wherever it is ——"

"Oh, he did, did he?"

"And as they parted Gustavus called out: 'Remember, Kilby, not a word to Mrs. K., or Juliet will know all about it before to-morrow.' And Mr. Kilby winked—I saw him wink Charlotte—and said something about old birds not needing advice."

"Ah, indeed! the brutes!" said Mrs. Kilby with an ominous dashing of her eyes. "But, my dear, who is this creature—this Nellie?"

"I haven't an idea. Some miserable actress or ballet-dancer, I fancy, from their allusions."

"You never before heard your husband mention her?"

"Never."

"And you have not searched his pockets or his writing-desk?"

"Searched his pockets? Why, I never thought of such a thing!"

Mrs. Kilby smiled pityingly.

"My dear, you have a great deal yet to learn. Why, how do you suppose a woman is to find out what her husband does, or where he goes, or what he really is, indeed, unless she makes a practice of searching his pockets? You can have no idea of what startling discoveries are thus made, or of what important consequence are the result. Why, I myself have known two divorces, a duel, and three separations brought about by wives examining the contents of their husbands' pockets. Did Mr. Mullet change his dress when he went out?"

"Yes; it was his business suit; and of course he dressed up to go and see that horrid ballet-dancer, with her limbs."

The dread of fresh discoveries seemed to have an inspiring effect upon Mrs. Mullet. She produced her husband's recently discarded garments, and, in the presence of her friend, commenced an examination of the contents of their pockets.

They were not numerous. A silk pocket-handkerchief, a lead pencil, a silver toothpick, a vest button, some bits of broken cigar—these and a Russia-leather pocketbook were all that presented.

"Examine the pocketbook," suggested Mrs. Kilby.

"Here are nothing but a few business accounts and memoranda," Juliet answered despondently.

But as she turned the book over, preparatory to reclosing it, a number of cards and papers slipped from an inner pocket and were scattered at her feet. She picked them up slowly, one by one.

"A business-card, a restaurant dinner bill, and this, wrapped in tissue-paper ——"

She dropped the contents of the tissue-paper envelope as though it had burnt her fingers. Mrs. Kilby picked it up with an air of grim satisfaction.

"A woman's photograph. Nellie's, of course—or, if not hers, somebody else's, which is the same thing. Rather good-looking, I must confess, though not in your style."

"Good-looking! How can you say so, Charlotte? Only look at those bold, ogling eyes, and that affected smile and theatrical attitude, and ——"

Here Mrs. Mullet resorted again to the bay-rum and camphor. Meantime Charlotte, scrutinizing the back of a large business-card, uttered an exclamation of triumph.

"Here it is at last, Juliet. Here is the name of *'Nellie'* set down in plain black and white. Only look for yourself."

It was even so. Eagerly the two women bent over the card, with difficulty deciphering the unfamiliar hieroglyphics.

"*'To Nellie's act'*," read Mrs. Kilby. "*'To Glover on Nellie's act'!* So, he's been ordering gloves for her. *'To livery'*—only think of that; a servant in livery for that woman. *'To groom'*—oh, it's a groom, is it? *'To buggy hire'*—been driving her out, publicly in the park, no doubt, and ——"

"And I've been begging for a basket-phaeton almost on my knees," sobbed Mrs. Mullet hysterically. "O Charlotte! isn't it too bad? What *shall* I do?"

"My dear, I don't presume to advise you; but if I were in your place I know that I would not meet that man again, would not remain another night in this house."

"I—I'll go away. I'll go home to ma. I'll make brother Jack call him to account," sobbed Mrs. Mullet excitedly.

"No one could blame you for such a course. It is only what every true-minded woman would do under the circumstances, and she would show a proper spirit and self-respect. But," looking at her watch, "I fear you will not have time to make necessary arrangements. It is already past seven o'clock, and Mr. Mullet will return at ——"

"At ten, he said."

"And the train to T—— leaves at half-past nine."

"I think I can get ready in time if you will help me, Charlotte, and ring for Bridget, and order Mitre to have a carriage and baggage-wagon at the door by nine."

Thus assisted and encouraged, Mrs. Mullet lost no time; and in an incredibly short space there appeared four large trunks, two packing-cases, and various valises, ready strapped, labeled, and piled together in the corners of his mouth. Then Miss Mullet herself, equipped in traveling dress and wrap, sat down to await the arrival of the hack for which Mitre had been despatched.

"You will bear witness, Juliet," said Mrs. Kilby solemnly, "that I have not advised you to this step. Of course it was your own choice. But there is Mitre at last—why, good gracious!" as voices were heard below, "it surely can't be Mr. Mullet."

It was Mr. Mullet, however. He came upstairs whistling a gay opera air, and stood stockstill and stared as he came suddenly upon his wife enthroned behind the rampart of trunks.

"Why, Juliet, what on earth ——"

"Don't speak to me! Don't come near me! Go away!" screamed Mrs. Mullet hysterically.

Mr. Mullet turned to Mrs. Kilby with a countenance of blank wonder.

"Mrs. Kilby, can you tell me the meaning of this?"

"You *ought* to know, Mr. Mullet, without asking for explanation," replied that lady with great dignity. "When a husband neglects his wife and his home, and nearly breaks her heart by ——"

Here Mrs. Mullet screamed hysterically, and Mrs. Kilby broke off in her speech to administer bay-rum and camphor.

"You see what your cruelty has brought her to," said she severely.

"Why, in the name of Heaven, what have I done?" said the bewildered Mullet.

"Go away! leave me!" screamed his wife. "Go to your—your—*Nellie!*"

"Nellie? Why, what do you know about Nellie, Juliet?"

"He confesses it!" said Mrs. Kilby, with tragical triumph. "He don't dare deny it."

"Deny what?"

"Haven't—haven't you been keeping a secret from me all this time?" sobbed Mrs. Mullet—"a secret about that miserable, wretched Nellie?"

"It is true, my dear. How you found it out I don't know; but ——"

"Monster!" screeched Mrs. Mullet. "This is how we found it out. Here she is!" And she held up the papers and the accusing photograph full in the face of her false lord and master.

Mr. Mullet stared at the picture, glanced at the papers, and, sinking into a chair, broke into a fit of obstreperous laughter.

"Heartless monster!" sobbed Juliet.

"Unfeeling brute!" muttered Charlotte.

"You've been to see her this evening," continued Mrs. Mullet excitedly. "I heard you tell Mr. Kilby so on the front steps. And you've been giving her gloves"—here she pointed to the paper—'and grooms in livery'; and taking her to drive in the public streets, while your wife is neglected at home. I'll not stand it. I am going home to ma."

Mr. Mullet laughed until he was exhausted. Then he made a desperate effort to compose himself.

"My dear Juliet, there is some strange mistake here. Will you let me explain it?"

"It's of no use your trying to get off, Mr. Mullet. Haven't you already confessed? Or will you plainly tell us who and what that wretched Nellie is?"

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear. Nellie is a horse."

"*A what!*"

"A beautiful chestnut mare. You were wishing for a basket-phaeton; and I was intending to surprise you to-morrow with an acceptable birthday present. I purchased Nellie, and have been keeping her at Glover's livery-stables. That was my little secret."

Mrs. Mullet looked blankly at Mrs. Kilby, and Mrs. Kilby blankly returned the gaze.

"But the—the photograph," said Juliet, holding it up. "You can't deny that I found this carefully hidden away in your pocketbook, though her name might not be Nellie."

"No, my dear; her name is Alexandrina, and she is the wife of the Prince of Wales. I saw it at Goupil's, and purchased it, thinking you would like it for your photograph album, and as a match to the Duchess of Edinburgh's portrait. But I never dreamed of falling in love with the future Queen of England. I dared not aspire so high. And now, if you ladies will kindly remove your bonnets and come downstairs, I will send over for Kilby, and we'll have a little oyster and champagne supper as a pleasant winding-up to the events of the evening."

"Gustavus, dear," whispered Mrs. Mullet an hour afterwards, "I want to ask a favor of you. Will you change that name of *Nellie?* I don't think I shall ever like it again."

"I will do so, if you will also grant me a favor."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"Only to promise that you will let my pockets alone in future."

PROVIDENCE has so ordained it that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man—his own mother and the mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love there is nothing between the two creatures except vain excitement, painful and idle delusions.—*Octave Feuillet.*

AN IOWA SCHOOLMISTRESS has been discharged because, for the amusement of the children during recess, she stood on her head. One of the trustees chanced to see the feat.

MY DARLING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Here are some beautiful leaves," she said,
As she laid them in my listless hand.
On cheek and lip were the coral red,
The sunlight fell on her golden head,
And around her face a halo shed.

"These two are like a lily," she said;
Her sweet face beamed with a rich, warm light,
Like that which fell on our leafy way—
A parting kiss from a sunset ray—
As we gathered the leaves, red, golden and gray.

"They smell of the pure sweet woods," she said,
And her tender glance turned back on me
As she left me, alone, to think and pray
For my darling one, with heart so gay,
And a poet-soul half-hidden away.

Each cloud at eve is a poem rare;
Each tiny clover, or flow'ret small,
A sprig of moss on the garden wall,
A stone picked up from a pebbly stream,
All hold for her a pictured dream.

"BLANCH OF DEVAN."

THE JET-HUNTER'S STORY.

"He'll never live through it, the dear, kind father, never! The wrench of parting with home and friends is too much for one like him, stricken in years. He talks bravely enough of America and the new life that lies before us all; but his heart is all the while in Wollin, where the wind whistles about the gables of the old farm-house, and where my mother sleeps, too, beneath the white headstone in the churchyard, where lie so many of our kindred. It's an old name, here in Pomerania, is that of Holt, and always was it maintained with respect, by high and low, until —until ——"

Then Gretchen's voice was choked with sobs, and she could say no more, while I, pressing my arm around her slender waist, bent over her, and did my best to console her, though sorely at a loss for reasonable grounds of hope. It was a grand and yet a peaceful scene that lay before us, as we stood side by side upon the sandy beach, and looked forth over the glittering waters of the Baltic, now smooth as the surface of a Summer lake, and at the red setting sun behind the distant cliffs of the Island of Rugen. Let me explain how I, an Englishman born and bred—William Morgan by name—came to find myself in so out-of-the-way a nook as the tiny Isle of Wollin, which lies close to the southwestern coast of Pomerania, and the accepted suitor of Gretchen, or Margaret Holt.

For three or four years I had been a clerk in a mercantile house at Dantzic, and, having a natural aptitude for foreign tongues, had learned so much, not merely of low German, but that strange Wendish tongue which yet lingers among the peasantry of the seaboard, descendants of the old Vandals, that I was often despatched on long journeys in quest of hides, feathers, and other productions of that vast sandy plain which composes the most northerly part of Prussia.

In the course of one of these expeditions I had made the acquaintance of a Pomeranian farmer named Holt, a yeoman whose quaint old house was pleasantly situated on the coast, and had learned to love his only daughter, the pretty Gretchen, and to teach her also to love me.

The Holts had dwelt for centuries in tolerable comfort on their ancestral acres, eking out the produce of the sterile soil by a little trading at sea—for most of the natives of that district are in a manner amphibious—but misfortunes had overtaken them.

In an evil hour Karl Holt had been persuaded to become a partner in a mushroom bank, which some shrewd knaves in Berlin had set on foot; and when the crash came he could only redeem his credit by heavily mortgaging, not merely his land, but his good coasting-sloop as well. The holder of the mortgages was a hard man, a local usurer, who had come with his money-bags from the Judengasse of Frankfort to fatten on the improvidence of the simple Northern folk; and Herr Schmerling, who inhabited the town of Wollin, capital of the little island, made no secret of his intention to expropriate his debtor, if the cash were not paid down on the appointed day.

It was all very well for Holt to have sons—strong, imaginative young men, to whose hands the tiller came as naturally as the plow-stilts—to look forward to emigration and a fresh start on the other side of the Atlantic; but Getchen was miserable at the prospect of being driven forth from the home of her childhood, while to the farmer himself this unwelcome step appeared as little better than a sentence of death. He was linked to Pomerania by a hundred ties, habits and associations; and since the notice of foreclosure had been given, every day seemed to add a line to those that furrowed his broad brow.

"You are very good to me, Willie dear," said poor Gretchen, as I kissed away her tears (I had taught her, with some difficulty, the English pronunciation of my name); "but what can you do? My brothers are strong and hard-working, but it is not possible to raise the sum which Herr Schmerling demands by Michael's Mass Day, unless, inde

of more than a few
delay some lucky hit
perhaps half a year's
And the Baltic coast
st of jet and amber so
d on our own eastern
rnelians are occasion-
ximity to the fossil de-

ctual gathering of the
d stormy weather were
expeditions, partly be-
fforded of eluding the
coastguard, and partly
weeping away the up-
rendered it easier to
below. Peter Street
a beagle's scent for the
black nodules, or the
of lump amber lay.
iny black speck would
h, at the lowest calcu-
ds in English money;
s of digging and grop-
k of being smothered
en by the tide, we met
ment, and went home

secret, was divided be-
dince at any time the
cover our proceedings,
began to rise high in
n, with all its associa-
rom the race that had
t her father might yet
ays in comfort among
outh. A large quanti-
mber, and a few agates,
ated, and lay concealed
n Street's cottage. It
when the store should
amount, I should pro-
there seek out a pur-

am but a girl, Willie,
n Holt one day to me—
le, her voice trembled,
but I could find it in
ne, that you had never
e perilous career. That
kind, and I think he
e and his are unlucky
o become rich, always
y, as though they had
nd, who cheats them

t's fears.
week, at most, if the
e the end of my jet-
art for Berlin, and it
when the profits are
clear your father of
d and ship, and leave
rd rix dollars to marry
erk's place, you know,
with my testimonials

urselves, and our mu-
ored prospects before
had suffering fears
crossed the downs on
surprised to see Herr
urer from Frankfort,
oted beggar-lad, whom
acted as scout or mes-
. Tried the mighty
t that I sallied out to
ght of the sickle-moon,
s Swinmunde Creek,
was to be made. We
all young and active,
Street, the ocean
calm, and reflecting the glorious blue dome over-
head as unbrokenly as a mirror of steel. Ah! lit-
tle did we imagine, as, light of heart, we joyously
watched the fast-receding spires of the city, that
the shadow of a dread calamity was hanging over
us like a pall, or that our merriment would soon
be turned to grief, and our smiles to tears.

I will now embrace the opportunity, while all
hands are on deck—and before Father Neptune
puts in his claim, and exacts the customary tribute
from the "victims"—to make the reader acquainta
ed with the hero of this "o'er true tale," simply
claiming the narrator's privilege of a substitution
of fictitious names.

Frank King was the leading man of the com-
pany, and as he stood there in the forward part of
the vessel, with folded arms and dejected air,
puffing a cigar, and casting, with bloodshot eyes,
furtive glances from right to left, as though in
dread of something, it was easy to perceive that he
was a devout worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus.
Possessed of every qualification, both mental and
physical, which should insure success in his pro-
fession—a fine, intellectual, handsome counten-
ance, with a splendidly-proportioned figure, at
all times scrupulously neat in his attire, polite
and gentlemanly in his manners, he was a general
favorite in spite of his unfortunate propensity.

On this particular morning he was unusually
silent and reserved, keeping apart from the rest
so much that it excited comment, for he was,
when himself, the life and soul of the com-
pany. In this particular case, as in most others,
there was a "woman at the bottom of it;" and
Nellie Barbour, our pretty, sprightly little sou-
brette, could, although not in the least to blame,
easily have afforded an explanation of Frank's
singular conduct, had she felt inclined. The fact
of the matter was that the handsome leading man
was desperately in love with Nellie, had been for
months past, and had sought by every kindness
and attention to herself and her darling little six-
year-old daughter—the idol of her fond mother's
heart and the pet of the company—to win her af-
fection. But to no purpose; for, as we afterwards
learned, he had, a few days before we left
Charleston, taken "heart o' grace" and asked that
momentous question which should decide his
fate, and had been answered in this wise:

"Frank," said the little woman sorrowfully,
"you have pained me very much indeed by this
avowal of your feelings; and I trust you will do
me the credit to believe that I had not the least
suspicion of the real state of the case. You have
always been such a kind friend to me and my darling
little Minnie—who, I think, loves you almost as
much as she does her mother—and for which I
shall always be glad to think of you as one of my
dearest friends; but any nearer tie is out of the
question. No, Frank," she continued, as the
one great mistake in my lifetime, and have no de-
sire to risk a second. I have drained the cup of
bitter experience to the dregs. Against the earnest
entreaties of relatives and friends I gave my
heart to one who, like yourself, could have been
an honorable profession, but who had become a
slave to a degrading passion. With the knowledge
of this, I, poor, weak fool, fondly imagined
that my all-absorbing love for my idol, with
the thousand-and-one endearments a devoted
wife knows so well how to practice, would
speedily wean him from his evil course, and
he would be all my own. But how bitterly was
I to be undeceived! My happiness was of brief
duration, for the very week after marriage
he was brought home in a helpless state of intox-
ication, and in the broad light of day; and from
that time forth he seemed to be possessed by the
horrible thirst for rum, which never seemed sa'is-
fied. Prayers and supplications were of no avail.
He would solemnly promise one day, only to break
it the next; and of course, under such circum-
stances, could keep no engagement. He became
utterly lost to honor and common decency, and
the consequence was that everything he could
lay his hands on found its way to the pawn-
broker's. The crisis came at last. He returned
home late one evening after a debauch and de-
manded of me my wedding-ring—about the only
available article there was left. Upon my indig-
nantly refusing to give it him, he raised his
clenched hand and brutally felled me to the floor.
When I returned to consciousness I found myself
alone, and our miserable apartment in dark-
ness. Painfully arising to my feet, I gathered
up the few articles I possessed, determined to
leave that place at once. I did so, and found
myself in the streets on a cold, December night—
homeless, penniless, friendless, on the verge of
maternity, and no place to lay my head. I will
pass over the horrible sufferings of that night—
how I wandered through the streets without aim
or object, the cold, pitiless sleet beating in my
face, and the keen north-wind piercing me to the
very marrow. Oh, how I prayed for death to
welcome embrace of death! But it was not to be.
Heaven raised me up a friend in my hour of need,
and I found a refuge and a home, where, in a few
weeks, my darling Minnie was born. Her father
never saw his child; for, when she was two
months old, I read in a morning paper the de-
scription of a terribly bruised and mangled body
that had been picked up in front of a low tene
ment and taken to the Morgue. I hastened thith-
er, feeling instinctively that it could be none
other than my poor, misguided husband. I
gained admittance, and in the bruised and
bloody mass, lying stretched upon the cold
marble slab, I with difficulty recognized the
father of my child. I turned away sick unto death,
and reached home in a fainting condition. By
the help of professional friends he received a de-
cent burial, and when the last sad rite was per-
formed I felt, God forgive me, an unutterable
and almost joyous sense of relief. A short time
afterwards I made inquiries at the den in front of
which his body was discovered, and learned that
he had occupied a small attic-room in the build-
ing, and one night, in a horrible fit of delirium,
had precipitated himself from the window, and
dashed his life out on the stones beneath."

Frank was visibly affected. Gazing with tender
pity and affection upon her, he said:

"Ah, my poor Nelly, you have indeed suffered;
but then he never could have loved you as ——"

"Hush! I will not hear a word against him.
Let the dead past bury its dead. I have long since
forgiven him, and have faith to believe that his
Creator has done the same."

"Then, Nellie," said Frank in a despairing tone,
"is there no hope for me—no hope that you may
in time look favorably upon my proposition? I
love you fondly, devotedly. Give me, then, a hus-
band's right to protect you and Minnie, who for
me, Mrs. Gilluley yelled
g neck-ed spalpeen,
sping him by the
iddle of the floor
o hundred pounds
by garments—right
Gilluley remarked:
clutched him by the
bellum on the floor.
t wud I do wid yez
, did yez? I'll pan
d him again; then
and dropped, full
m, and, glaring into
g of Celtic epithets
man creep, amphi-
r seconds. Present-
ght, and, gathering
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comical manner in which she was lecturing her little dog "Punch"—a queer combination of hair and teeth—on the enormity of his offense, just then brought to light.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir," chattered the elf. "You naughty boy, what had poor Pauline" (her doll) "done to you, that you should behave in that manner? I shall give you a good whipping—there, now!" Which awful threat did not seem to terrify the shaggy culprit in the least.

It appeared that Master Punch, having an idea that his young mistress was paying altogether too much attention to Pauline, and being determined to put a stop to that sort of thing at once and forever, had that very morning seized a favorable opportunity, and had ruthlessly decapitated and dismembered that unfortunate lady, the Pauline aforesaid, and at that moment carried the evidence of his guilt about his nose and mouth in the form of particles of wax and saw-dust, the flesh and blood of his rival.

"Now, sir, will you ever do it again?" asked the merry little sprite, while administering a severe castigation with her pocket-handkerchief—"will you?"

The culprit bowed, and vowed to Heaven that he would not; so, the demands of justice being satisfied, they proceeded to a game of romps about the deck. No one knew exactly how it happened, but it appears that, having become tired of the play, and wishing to escape the rather pressing attentions of Mr. Punch, the little fairy had scrambled up on the low settee that ran around the stern of the vessel, whence, losing her balance, she was precipitated into the waters beneath. A piercing scream from Nellie, who had witnessed the catastrophe, brought all hands to their feet in an instant, and a scene of the wildest excitement ensued.

"Frank, Frank!" the wellnigh frantic mother screamed. "O my Minnie! save her! save her!" and she instinctively ran forward to where he sat lazily dozing, while at the same time she wildly pointed towards the stern of the vessel. He comprehended the situation at once. To throw off coat and hat was the work of an instant, and with one bound he cleared the vessel's stern and clove the water twenty feet beyond.

In the meantime Captain Tom, having been aroused from below by the screams of Nellie, reached the deck just in time to see Frank disappearing over the vessel's stern, and, with the habitual coolness of an old tar in times of emergency, roared out in a voice of thunder: "Man overboard!" which had the immediate effect of causing the engine to be stopped. Sending some of the crew to the little quarter-boat, to jump in and shove off was the work of a moment, Captain Tom shouting: "Pull for your lives, for your lives, men!" and excitedly waving his hat.

Although the vessel's way had been stopped as soon as possible, still, going as she had been at the rate of ten knots an hour, she had increased the distance between mother and child fearfully. Every moment was an eternity. The child's clothing had buoyed her up so far, and strong arms and willing hearts were hastening to the rescue; but it certainly seemed to Nellie as if Frank never would reach her, although at every stroke he actually seemed to leap from the water in his eager anxiety. It was a scene never to be forgotten—Captain Tom waving his hat and excitedly shouting; the frantic appeals of the mother to Heaven, while her frame sobbed and wrung their hands; the hissing noise of the escaping steam; the furious barking of the dog Punch, with the hoarse cries of the men who were endeavoring to cheer Frank on to still greater exertions—sounds which ring in my ears as I write, bringing the whole scene as vividly as though it occurred but yesterday.

"O Heaven!" we cried, "will he never reach her? Now, Frank! Now," we exclaimed, "a few strokes more! Good fellow! Noble old boy! Now you have her!"

Yes; he had reached her at last, and at the instant he reached forth to grasp her she disappeared beneath the surface. Frank was lost to view at the same moment, but quickly reappeared with the little form clasped to his breast, and a ringing cheer went up from the little group.

The boat had by this time reached the scene, and Frank, grasping the blade of an oar and faintly murmuring "Take the child!" completely exhausted, would have gone down, but that he was clutched by his long hair and hauled into the boat, limp and lifeless. In the meantime the steamer had been slowly backing up, and we soon had them on board. Nellie clasped the dripping, unconscious form of her darling to her breast, and willing hands and loving hearts were soon engaged in the task of resuscitation. The means applied soon proved effectual in the child's case, but with Frank it was a more serious matter. Indeed, it was feared at one time that our efforts would prove fruitless—but a naturally strong constitution triumphed.

Nellie was so overjoyed when both her child and Frank had been pronounced out of danger that she was almost crazy with thankfulness and delight, and nearly smothered poor Frank with caresses, mere words being too feeble to express her gratitude.

"O Frank!" she exclaimed, "how can I ever repay you for restoring to me my darling?"

"Ah, Nellie!" replied Frank, still weak and pale, lying upon the sofa in the cabin, "tempt me not to renew a forbidden topic between us; but if I might once more venture to hope—if I might once more plead my cause ——"

The deep well-spring of a now loving and grateful woman's heart was overflowing for him, and for answer the impulsive little woman clasped her arms around his neck, and, while the grand light of love sparkled in her eyes, she gazed into his with all the fond trustfulness of her woman's nature.

"O my darling, my darling!" cried Frank, clasping her yielding form to his heart, "you have indeed made me a happy man. And, Nellie dear," continued he, "you may place implicit trust in me now. The stumbling-block in my path has this day been removed forever; for, while in the water, and fearful that the child would disappear from my sight, and I should not reach her, I prayed to Him—oh, how fervently!—for strength, inwardly resolving that, if I could be the means of saving her, henceforth I would be a better man. Never again should the accursed cup pass my lips. He answered my prayer, and, with His help, I will be true to my vow."

"O Frank!" replied she, while the happy tears suffused her eyes, "you have made me so glad by those words. I will be a true and a loving wife to you, and the bitter memory of the past shall be buried in the joy of the present. We will begin life anew, and, with mutual trust and faith, I have no fear but much of happiness is in store for us. Out of the depths of the cruel sea you rescued my darling; out of moral degradation, into which you were fast sinking, you have rescued yourself; and to you I fearlessly entrust my future."

We arrived at Jacksonville; and as the state of affairs was soon made known to the company, it was decided that the marriage should take place at the close of our season, which happened in about two weeks from our opening night.

The ceremony was quietly performed at the snug residence of Capt. Tom, who, boisterous and happy, was the first to salue the bride, sagely remarking that "women and weather was mighty onsartain things." Miss Cheer also insisted upon the presence of Punch, whom she had arrayed in a gorgeous custume befitting the occasion. Ah! what a merry party we were that night, and how joyously the time passed, with music, mirth and song!

Years have flown since. Frank, I am proud to say, has never proved recreant, and is at this present writing the proud father of two beautiful girls, copies of Nellie in miniature. The pride of Nellie's heart, he is admired and respected by all, and an ornament to his profession.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

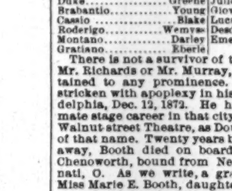
WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"THE EXILES."

FROM THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY CORRECT VERSION.

There has been so much talk of late about "The Exiles" that we seize this opportunity to present the only original version for the express benefit of the patrons of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. We may observe that we always did have a prejudice to anything except the original version; and the exiles herewith presented may be backed as originals every time. There is not a base imitator in the whole lot. At the same time, it is to be admitted that certain points of resemblance may be noted between *our* exiles and those which have previously appeared before the public. For example, both have been mounted upon the stage—three of our exiles were formerly stage-drivers. Both may be called drawing cards—ours especially, who have frequently been sworn to draw the Jacks out of a single deck. Both have had long runs—ours usually with a policeman after them. Both have made hits—the hits made by ours occasionally leading up to a charge of assault and battery. But the most striking similarity between the two lies in the fact that both have been brought up in the courts. After what has been said, it is perhaps redundant to add that the exiles above presented appear to live for no other object than to be brought up in the courts. The shortest gentleman in the crowd (the tenor) was brought there with his pocket picked; he at present an exile because he caused his wife to make a too sudden exit from the world. The military-looking chap just back of him owes his exile to his extraordinary fondness for exhilarating liquors; while the fellow to the front, with the comical-shaped cap and the sleeves of his blouse rolled up, became an exile on account of his explosive manner in expressing himself in expletives which finally got him into inextricable extremities. The personal history of each of the other gentlemen would be found highly interesting, but space forbids the recital. Let it suffice to say that "The Exiles" have never before received so truthful a representation as this; and further, that no previous production can compare in fidelity to nature with the version here given. [We are prepared to defend our rights to the full extent of the law, and, if necessary, to call upon our exiles to help us.]

THE FAIR ONE AT THE BALL.



[This tender poem was found scrawled upon the back of an envelope in the yard of the house occupied by Walt Whitman, the bard, in somewhat peculiar style; and there is no proof that it was written by the venerable bard. Nevertheless, we believe that W. W. did it.—ED.]

Hail to the beautiful!
The maiden who, having performed her household duties,
Doth now array herself for the ball.
She arrayeth herself in short-waisted skirts, in pink stockings, in gauzy drapery,
And may, therefore, be considered a masher.
Behold her now, as she taketh a farewell look in the glass,
And pusheth aside a truant curl.
And admireth her own amazing loveliness!
Oh, great is poetry, and pigheads all are those who publish books, not knowing when they get hold of a good thing.
Soon will this damsel gloat upon the poetry of motion, which is the dance, after which she will sit down to supper, paid for by some attentive admirer.
Hail to the supper!
Lobsters brought from the briny deep and made into salad; clams from Coney Island; milk from Orange County; hams from the Great West, and chickens from Long Island;
Also wines of various vintages, from the Rhine and elsewhere,
With foaming seas of lager;
And the fair maiden will partake of all of these in great abundance, for she is strong and well and of good digestion.
Hail to the ball and to each fair ballist!
May the beautiful maiden enjoy herself to the utmost,
For she is fair—fair as the rose,
Fair as the shamrock. And she is beautiful as a Summer's night,
Beautiful as the stars in the vaulted heavens—
Almost as beautiful as is this poem!

AT THE BOSTON (MASS.) MUSEUM IN 1846.

Mrs. George Barrett was one of the most popular stars who ever acted in Boston, and possessed some rare qualities. Even at an advanced age she not only acted very effectively youthful heroines, like Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons" and Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," but she looked them, and it was difficult for the spectator to believe that the impersonator was not still endowed with youth. She died in that city Dec. 22, 1853. Charles Lehr, the scenic artist, is dead; W. H. Smith, the stage-manager, departed this life in San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 17, 1872; Thomas Comer died in Boston, July 27, 1862; L. J. Mestayer is still acting in Boston; Frank Whitman died in that city Dec. 10, 1862; John B. Adams died there Oct. 8, 1847; Mrs. Duff, April 14, 1854; Mrs. Thoman is an inmate of the Forrest Home, Philadelphia, Pa.; George E. Locke still follows the profession as "Yankee" Locke; C. H. Saunders died in Boston July 15, 1857; Mrs. Thoman, after being divorced from J. A. Thoman, married Mr. Saunders, and now follows the profession in San Francisco, Cal.

BOSTON MUSEUM AND GALLERY OF FINE ARTS,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets.
Admission, 25cts. Children under twelve accompanied by an adult, half price.

Stage-manager	W. H. Smith
Musical Director	T. Comer
Principal Scenic Artist	Charles Lehr
Principal Machinist	C. H. Johnson

MRS. G. BARRETT for a limited number of nights.
The beautiful play LOVE'S SACRIFICE

Margaret Elmore	Mrs. G. Barrett
Matthew Elmore	W. H. Smith
Eugene De Lorme	L. Mestayer
Du Plessis	Mr. Whitman
Du Vray	Mr. Whitman
Guillaume	Mr. Adams
Paul La Font	G. C. Germon
St. Loo	Mr. Thoman
Morlue	Mr. Locke
Yum Kuse	C. H. Saunders
Notary	Mr. Evans
Margaret Elmore	Mrs. G. Barrett
Herminie	Miss S. Kirby
Manon	Mrs. Thoman

On account of the length of the play no other piece will be performed.

TUESDAY EVENING, second night of the engagement of MRS. G. BARRETT, will be acted Sheridan Knowles' celebrated play of THE LOVE CHASE. Constance, Mrs. G. Barrett. To conclude with the admirable farce BACHELORS' BUTTONS.

GET ALONG DOWN.

TO MY FRIENDS CHACE AND DAVIS, BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Dis world am like de white-trash schools—
Dar's some to study and some to play—
Zamination comes, and dey won't pass,
So dey get along down to de foot ob de class.
Chorus.—Get along down, get along down,
Get along down, for you won't pass;
The last shall be first, and de first shall be last,
So get along down to de foot ob de class.

If you don't know how your prayers to say,
You'd better get to work and learn right away;
Learn for to sing and for to pray and shout,
Or de angels will say as dey turn you out:
Chorus.—Get along down, etc.

Oh, you can't climb up de golden stairs,
If you'a high-toned niggers a puttin' on airs;
You's got to be humble, mid and meek,
Or else de Massa dem words will speak:
Chorus.—Get along down, etc.

You needn't think you can be living in sin,
And up dar's a circus whar you can hook in;
You've got to show your tickes to de angels there,
And if it ain't good you will hear dem declare:
Chorus.—Get along down, get along down,
Get along down, for you won't pass;
The last shall be first, and de first shall be last.
So get along down to de foot ob de class.

Bridgeport, Ct.

THE WATER QUEEN.

One of the real blessings of the stage is its power to transform character. Here, for instance, is a young woman who has been raised from the monotonous level of Bleecker-street boarding-houseism to the proud elevation of a queen. As there are a good many queens on the earth, and as the young person in question had no reasonable claim to any earthly domain, she wisely determined to become a queen of the water. And under that royal title she is now known. The Water Queen is a great favorite with the public. Hers is not a tankless task, for she gets a liberal salary for submerging herself in a tank. Not only does she remain audibly under water—for how could she give the exact time if we were not afraid of exciting the envy of her professional rivals—but she eats, drinks, sleeps, and writes love letters, all while surrounded by the aqueous fluid. Of course this could not be accomplished without a good deal of practice, and it may be interesting to the patrons of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES to learn how it was done. Strictly in confidence, then, we will explain that the Water Queen, before she assumed the title of royalty, was known among her friends as Maggie O'Flaherty, and was employed as a waiter-girl in a ten-cent restaurant. There, among other customers of a lush, she had numerous admirers, who used to take her down to Coney Island on Sundays. In the briny breakers Maggie was wont to sport, clothed in a considerably less graceful costume than the one you see her now wearing, but still beautiful because of what nature had done for her. In time, she became an expert swimmer, and was able to remain under water as long as any of her admirers could remain under beer. It was in that momentous epoch in her career that the noble ambition seized Miss O'Flaherty of becoming a queen. Every day in the restaurant she would put her head in a basin of water, and when her companions thought she was drowned. Every Sunday, at Coney Island, she surrendered herself to the chaste embrace of Old Ocean. And the result of all this is that to-day she is the star-fish of every aquarium in which she appears. The moral of which lies in the great things which a woman can accomplish merely by holding her breath.

"AWAY DOWN DAR IN DE WAVING SUGAR-CANE."

DEDICATED TO MARSH ADAMS, BY HIS FRIEND FRANK WRIGHT.

'Way down in Alabama, so many years ago,
Where there my eyes first opened to de day;
In a little low-thatched cabin I dar first saw de light—
Through de latticie shone de sun its gladsome ray;
But 'twas so long ago that hardly do I know
The year I've passed in sunshine, clouds and rain;
But as I grow old and gray I think of de happy day
When I first saw de waving sugar-cane.
Chorus.—My eyesight am a-failing me, my wool am turned quite white,
And dese days will ne'er come back to me again.
When a little picaninny with de boys I used to play,
Away down dar in de waving sugar cane.

How changed de ole plantation am! de cabins are all
How different seems de ole house in de lane! [gone—
De niggers never sing de songs I used to hear,
And dar's no dance in dat waving sugar cane; [nich
I know my sands am near run down, de time am drawing
When de angs! Death will claim me for his own;
When my soul will separated be from dis poor earthly
frame,
And I start to de Lord to reach th' eternal throne.
Chorus.—My eyesight am a-failing me, my wool am turned quite white,
And dese days will ne'er come back to me again.
When a little picaninny with de boys I used to play,
Away down dar in de waving sugar cane.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

In the scene before you is presented what may properly be called a life-drama. The dark-haired maid playing upon the guitar (possibly that is not a guitar, but there can be no objection to calling it by that name)—the dark-haired maid is surpassingly beautiful. (She may not appear so here, but the fault is with the artist. She was intended for another Hebe, and any defect in her personal appearance will be considerately remedied in the imaginative spectator.) Not only is she beautiful, but she is likewise poor; and it is poverty which compels her to go about playing in the streets. She has a one-legged father to support—you may see him in the background hobbling along on crutches—and a little brother who is blind and chronically hungry. She is pious as well as musical, and pure as the driven snow, notwithstanding her brunette tendencies. So much for the heroine of this life-drama. The villains—of course there must be villains in every well-regulated play—do not present the usual stage appearance, as may be seen by studying the figures in the doorway. (We are a little at a loss as to the nationality of this drama. The guitar and dark-haired maiden smack strongly of Italy, but the villains would do for Washington market butchers. However, we will be on the safe side and lay the scene indefinitely "in a foreign land." That will embrace everything from Rome to Jersey City.) The villains, then, are plotting together in the doorway. They are talking over a foul conspiracy by which they mean to entrap the dark-haired maiden and get her into their power. Meantime she, innocent of all such wicked designs, strikes the strings of her guitar preparatory to warbling "See that my Grave is Kept Green"—that is, if they sing songs of that kind in the country where she lives. We do not care much whether her grave is kept green or not; but we do hope that some muscular hero will turn up in time to save the maid, and to put a head on each of those wicked old conspirators—provided, of course, they ever do put heads on men in that country.

"AWAY DOWN DAR IN DE WAVING SUGAR-CANE."

DEDICATED TO MARSH ADAMS, BY HIS FRIEND FRANK WRIGHT.

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Where there my eyes first opened to de day;
In a little low-thatched cabin I dar first saw de light—
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And dese days will ne'er come back to me again.
When a little picaninny with de boys I used to play,
Away down dar in de waving sugar cane.

OUR AMATEUR ATHLETES.

The Amateur Athletic Convention held an adjourned meeting in this city March 6, fourteen clubs being represented, and G. W. Carr, Manhattan A. C., occupying the chair. It is questionable whether a less orderly body ever gathered within the four walls of Knickerbocker Cottage, and the presiding officer found it more difficult than out out in the endeavor to calm the turbulent waters which surged about him. These discordant elements were set in motion by the offering by John Gath (American A. C.) of amendments to the constitution and by-laws as the same were taken up by sections for adoption. Mr. Gath had been a member of the committee appointed to prepare the constitution and by laws, but his suggestions at the meeting of said committee not meeting with the approval of the others in several matters which he was pleased to consider important, he sought to gain his object in the convention by proposing amendments. This brought down upon him the righteous indignation of the other members of the committee, his offense being the more heinous because of the favor with which the delegates received his suggestions and remarks. After wrangling until 11 P. M. without getting further along than Article 5 of the constitution, a motion to adjourn until Wednesday evening, 13th inst., at the same place, was made and carried, and it is to be hoped that all present will then be prepared to reason calmly and fairly, that what is for the Association's good may be unrecognized by none through jealousy or other discreditable feeling, and, above all, that the proceedings may be unmarked and unmarred by disorderly and offensive personalities, which must be crushed out if the "American Association of Amateur Athletes" is to live and wield the power for good which its true friends hope and believe it will, provided care be taken to insure its resting upon a solid foundation.

POLICE ATHLETIC CLUB.

A private entertainment was given by the members of this prosperous organization at the gymnasium, East Thirty-first street, on Thursday afternoon last. The majority of the not very large number of persons present were members of "the force," and the principal object of their assembling was to witness the ceremony of presenting to Captain Alex. B. Williams a gold badge and set of resolutions embodying the sentiments of the club members towards him as their presiding officer. Previous to the presentation, exercise with the gloves was in order, the participants being Edward McGlinchy and Thos. Riley, Wm. Miller and Mike Smith, Billy Edwards and Jack Gallagher, each of these set-to being received with much applause, especially that between the professor and the old vet, in which Smith showed his ability to wake up any of the young believers. Anon, McGlinchy had given a clever club act, Sergeant Tims presented to Capt. Williams the badge and resolutions, which latter were engrossed and placed in a handsome frame, a well-executed pen and ink portrait of the recipient appearing as a centrepiece. The resolutions contain an expression of approval of the course pursued by the captain as president, and tenders the thanks of the donors for the kind manner in which he has presided over the deliberations of the club, and for the uniform courtesy which has characterized his intercourse with the members." The presentation speech was briefly replied to by the recipient, and then the sports were resumed, Policemen Britton and Walsh sparring, and Charley Murphy and Policeman Quigley wrestling.

THE BOSTON BENCH SHOW.—The prizes for the dog show to be held in Boston, Mass., to commence March 26 and continue four days amount to $2,000 in gold coin, and the value of the special prizes offered is over $1,000. The committee desire to make this a representative show of all the best dogs in the country, and have, we are informed, already been assured of a large number of entries from various parts of the country. Chas. Lincoln, who has successfully managed other similar exhibitions, is at the helm. The show will be given under the auspices of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, the officers of which are: President, W. H. Cowing; vice-presidents, J. Fettler Jr. and E. L. Dorr; treasurer, T. Y. Sawyer Jr.; secretary, E. J. Forster.

THE SCOTTISH-AMERICAN A. C will give an entertainment at Lyric Hall, Sixth avenue, above Forty-first street, on Saturday evening, March 23. Amateurs and professionals will participate in the performances, which will be composed of wrestling, sparring, club-swinging, etc.

FORREST AND BOOTH TOGETHER.

Standing forth conspicuously as Iagos of the American stage have been William B. Wood, Edward L. Davenport, and the senior Junius Brutus Booth. Davenport had the advantage of the other two in being also an admirable Othello. It is worthy of mention that the original representative of the Moor in America was a most wretched actor—one Robert Upton, who had been engaged in London as the advance-agent of the company organized in that city by the Hallams. They sent him from London in October of 1752 to obtain permission for them to perform in this city, as well as to erect a theatre for them. Proving recreant to his trust, he gathered about him some of the members of a company who had disbanded in this city, and on Dec. 26, 1751, opened the Nassau-street Theatre with "Othello" and Garrick's "Lethe." Although unaware of his treachery to his employers, yet the public declined to support him, and in the Spring of 1752 he disappeared. The Hallams never heard of him again. The first approximatively full American cast of "Othello" is here reproduced from Ireland's "Records of the New York Stage," it having been so played at the Johnstreet Theatre, April 11, 1768:

Othello	Mr. Douglass	Duke	Greville
Iago	Hallam	Lodovico	Tomlinson
Cassio	Henry	Montano	Malone
Brabantio	Morris	Desdemona	Miss Cheer
Roderigo	Wall	Emelia	Mrs. Harman

David Douglass, manager of the company, went to the West Indies in 1775, and there retired from professional life. He had married the mother of the Iago of the foregoing cast. She died in Philadelphia in 1774, and her son died there in 1808. John Henry's first wife was a Miss Storer, one of four sisters. He did not live long enough to marry all of them. His first wife was burned to death in a vessel coming from the West Indies to America; in 1773 he married her sister Anna, who separated from him and became Mrs. Hogg; and in 1786 he married another of the sisters, Maria Storer, who died in 1795, rendered a maniac by grief at his death. He was buried on Fisher's Island, Long Island Sound, having died while journeying in a packet from this city to Newport, R. I., in 1794. Owen Morris died in this city in 1809. His first wife was drowned while crossing the ferry at Kill von Kull, Staten Island. His second wife was a great beauty without education. It is related that her dislike to being seen in daylight was so strong that her husband obtained permission from a neighbor to put up in his garden a gate by which she could pass from her house in Maiden lane to the theatre without making a circuit of Broadway. When she occasionally appeared in public, her beauty created a furor. She died in Philadelphia in 1824. Mr. Wall did both walking-gentlemen and eccentric comedy. It is uncertain whether he died here or returned to England; and the same uncertainty exists regarding Tomlinson and Greville. The Malone in the bill was probably a son of that Malone who had come over with the Hallams in 1753, and whose characters changed with every change of wig. King Lock. Miss Cheer became Mrs. Long in 1794, and was but little seen after that year. Mrs. Catherine Maria Harman was a granddaughter of the famous Colly Cibber, and died in 1773.

The foregoing will suffice as an introductory to a cast the like of which we may not meet with again, inasmuch as it presents Junius Brutus Booth and Edwin Forrest on the same stage. It also shows Booth playing for the benefit of one who could scarcely be induced, after he had reached the topmost round of the ladder, to play for the benefit of anybody else, although he did not hesitate to contribute a check in lieu of his services.

CHESTNUT-STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.
MR. K. FOSTER'S BENEFIT.
MR. BOOTH, MRS. SHARPE, MR. FORREST AND MR. BLAKE WILL APPEAR.
MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 20, 1830,
will be presented Shakespeare's tragedy of
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Othello	Mr. Forrest	Lodovico	McDougal
Iago	Booth	Antonia	Murray
Duke	Greene	Julio	Rice
Brabantio	Young	Giovanni	Kneass
Whitmore	Blake	Lorano	Richards
Roderigo	Wemyss	Desdemona	Mrs. Young
Montano	Darley	Emelia	Mrs. Sharpe
Grahame	Eyre		

There is not a survivor of this cast, unless it be Mr. Richards or Mr. Murray, neither of whom attained to any prominence. Edwin Forrest was stricken with apoplexy in his bedroom, in Philadelphia, Dec. 12, 1872. He had begun his legitimate career at that house Dec. 20, 1820, at the Walnut-street Theatre, as Douglass in the tragedy of that name. Twenty years before Forrest passed away, Booth died on board the steamer J. O. Chenoworth, bound from New Orleans to Cincinnati, of his wife, a granddaughter of Mrs. Siddons. Miss Marie E. Booth, daughter of the son of the elder Booth by the latter's first wife, is to make her first appearance in this city (March 9), at the Fifth-avenue Theatre. John Greene, who played the Duke, became almost as notable in comedy as Forrest and Booth were in tragedy. Charles Young, who had been the first stage-manager of the Bowery Theatre, this city, came here from England—His wife Becky Foster, a beautiful girl when she left her parents to go upon the stage in England—died in this city in the Spring of 1827. Desdemona on this occasion was almost her last appearance upon the stage. She was scarcely fifteen when she came to this country, and was but forty-two when she died. Young subsequently married Mrs. Duff, sister of the wife of Tom Moore the poet. Both girls had been of the ballet at the Dublin Theatre. Notwithstanding it had been performed first by a Protestant clergyman, and afterwards, at her own request, by a Catholic priest, yet Mrs. Duff almost immediately repudiated her marriage with Young, on the ground that she had consented to the ceremonies while under the influence of opiates. She afterwards married a New Orleans lawyer named Sevier. Both are dead. So is Young, who was much older than he looked. Wm. Rufus Blake quit the stage abruptly in 1840, and in these papers. It will have been observed that he was the Cassio of the cast. Francis Courtney Wemyss, actor and manager, and one of the earliest chronologists of the American stage, died at his residence, Philadelphia, July 14, 1859. John Darley was the son of John Darley, the English architect and engraver. The son, who came to America with the father in in 1792, was also a vocalist, and at one time was a lieutenant of marines in the U. S. Navy. He married Miss Ellen A. Westray, sister of the Julia Ma Westray referred to in the pipe of the late Mr. B. Wood already spoken of, and an issue of that marriage is well known in American art circles—Felix O. C. Darley, draughtsman. Another sister became Mrs. Villiers, and then Mrs. Twaits, dying in this city in 1814, and also did Twaits, who had been in the cast when the Richmond Hill Theatre was burned, in 1811. The mother of the Westray girls, upon being widowed, married J. Simpson of the Dublin Theatre, with whom in 1796 she came to America, where he was known as the "Irish" Simpson. Mrs. Eberle in the bill was one of three who were then on the American stage. This one was probably Charles, who lost his life when the steamboat Lexington was burned on Long Island Sound, above Eaton's Neck. The Mrs. Harman was probably the father of R. W. McDougal, a well-known actor, who died a few years ago. John B. Rice ultimately became Mayor of Chicago. His widow, a sister of William Warren of Boston, still lives at the West. Nelson Kneass became active in musical circles. He was a composer, a chorister at our Park Theatre for several years, later was prominent as a deviser of Ethiopian burlesques of opera, and before his death had dabbled in variety-theatre management. Mrs. Sharpe was the sister-in-law of James H. Hackett

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, March 11.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Georgia
Archer, Lottie
Bretto, Emma
Bernard, Laura
Beaumont, Stella (2)
Buckingham, Fannie L
Berrell, Mrs. Mary
Beaumont, Nellie
Bradley, Leanora
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Cavella, Octavia
Chazzo, Kate
Clifford, Mrs. Josie
Clifford, Ada
Crabtree, Letta
Curtis, Irene
Donaldson, Virginia
Evans, Mr. M. F.
Elberta Kittie
Ellis, Florence
Fiske, Mariah (2)
Fisher, Mrs. J. F.
Frayne, Clara (of Frayne Co.)
Gray, Maggie (of Boylston Museum)
Gaston, Maude
Gray, Ada
Greenland, Hattie
Gray, Mable
Gaugain, Marie
Hallett, Mrs. Alta
Harvey, Kate
Howard, Pauline
Herbert, Emilie
Howard, Lou
Howland, Maude (of Howland Sisters)
Howitt, Belle
Hearn, Ida
Hood Sisters
Ilerd, Celia (2)
Johnson, Mamie
Jennitt, Mrs. Ella
Jones, Mrs. Clara Frank Jones
Kellogg, Alice (2)
Lindsay, Jennie
Lorenzo, Mlle. (trapezist)
Lewis, Catherine
Leston, Ethel
Laureta, Mlle.
La Verde, Mrs.
Lawrence Sisters
La Keen, Rose
Lawton, Ella
Lingard, Mrs. Alice
Lee, Frankie
La Verde, Belle
Morris, Kate
Murphy, Mrs. Martha J
Murray, Maggie
Mell, Rose (vocalist)
Morgan, Etta (of Berger's Co.)
Montrose, Kate
Mason, Sallie
McDermott, Nellie (of McDermott Sis.)
Phillips, Ida (of Prof. Hughes' Co.)
Paull, Juliette
Phillips, Amy (Italian p. c. mark)
Richards, Nellie
Robinson, Josie
Russell, Frankie
Robinson, Julia
Sebastian, Mrs. S.
Stewart, Maude
Shandley, Josie
St. Felix Sisters (2)
Starr, Susie (2)
Shellman, Carrie
St. Felix, Leanora
Simpson, Josie (of Simpson Sisters)
Tannehill, Mrs. F. A.
Tiffaney, Annie Ward
Von Hillern, Bertha
Valante, Mlle.
Vickers, Mattie
Wilson, Julia (of D. Thompson's Co.)
Weston, Florence
Warner, Ella
Zoe, Mlle.
Zantretta, Mrs. Dody 6c.

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Alexander, W. B.
Adams & Lee
Allen, W. W.
Ashton, (of Roberts' Co.)
Allyson, J. V.
Armstrong, Andrew
Ade, W. H.
Adams, Yank
Antonio, Wash
Berry, Dr. A. C.
Bedford, Jas. W. (musician)
Barlow, Wilson, Jr.
Bryant, Dan
Bruen, Fred
Burnell, Geo.
Burton, Will C.
Barnum, H. (manchester)
Brink, E. H.
Backman, Geo.
Bryant, Dan. (2)
Bachmeller, G. (of O'Brien's Circus)
Burroughs, Chas.
Bonefield, Dion
Bryant, Neil (2)
Bennett, Harry
Bingham, J. W. (2)
Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & W. (2)
Boyd, C. (of Boyd & Baughman
Boyd, C. Hyde
Blatz, Francois R. 5c.
Beach & Gould
Bennetts, The
Beadle, C. (of Beadle & Bell R.)
Burton, J. (of Burton & Udell)
Blodgett, Wash
Bell, Ed
Barlow, W. A.
Brown, Ira H. (2)
Bruno, Gus
Brough, Mr. (with Barr, Geo. (musician)
Bowen, Frank
Calender & McAuslan
Coney, G. W. (2)
Clinton, F. R. (2)
Clearance, Chas. L
Cushman, Frank
Carncross & Dixey
Clifford, Harry
Chipperfield, Fred
Cooper, F. F.
Callender, Chas.
Coburn, F. P.
Clapham, Harry
Cordelio & Victorelli
"C. E. D."
Chapman, F. S.
Cockcroft, Wm.
Cotton, Sen A.
Carter, Mr. M.
Clarke, John
Catlett, Lew
Coburn, S. S.
Clifford, Frank
Cassello, Geo.
Crist, Will H.
Castle, Chas. H.
Carroll, Harry
Camp, W. C.
Cronin, Wm.
Crosby, Ben
Chiffe, Jas. H.
Carlton, W. T.
Carlton, Frank
Conrad, Jr. Chas. Marney 5c.
Darcy, H. Alston
Dale, M. C.
Deagle, Geo. J.
Deaborn, C. E.
Dumont, Frank (2)
Dowling, J. J. (2)
De Forrest, Albert J
Devenear, Peter
Dickson, H. A.
Dupree, Wm. E.
Dupree, C. H.
De Haven, Claude (2)
Duncan, W. (of Templeton's Co.)
Distin & Brassband Instruments, Agt. De some, Ernest
Eldridge, Chas. W.
Eisenheart, Mr.
Ennis, James
Emerson, F. (of Emerson's Minst.)
Emmerson, Clark & Day (Hilton Comb.)
Eisminger, E. G. (2)
Elliott, Mr. (spiritualist)
Early, John (candy "biz")
Ellis, Sam
Flint, Edwin
Forgee, Chas.
Fowler, T. B.
Fish, F. C.
Franco, Col. R 5c.
Franckum, Geo. W.
Fleary, Fernando
Fox Elliot (agent for Emma Thursman & Doris
Foster, J. (Dutch boy)
Foote, Jr., W. M. 6c.
Forbes, Chas.
Goss, Neil
Gilmore & Russell
Garry, Harry (2)
Gallagher & Hicks
Gaffney, Andy
Girard, Eddie
Gerry, D. S.
Gray, W. W. (of Emerson's Co.)
Giddens, Gus 6c.
Gaylord, Willie
Gillette, W. H.
Good, A. D.
Gaylor, Chas.
Grant, W. F.
Gaston, Albert
Gardner, Frank A.
Gooding, Jas.
Grether, Mons. F.
Gorman, Eugene F.
Gorman, Budd (2)
Greenwood, Jr.
Gilday & Turner
Giovanni, Geo.
Gale, Walter
Gorman, Wm. E.
Hughes, N. (minst. "biz")
Hind, F.
Henderson, Wm. (violinist)
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hall, Geo. L.
Hussey, Frank
Hotto, H. A. (2)
Howorth, John (manager)
Hyde, J. M.
Haverly, J. H.
Herwig, Gus
Haywood Thos 16c
Hayden, W. B. (2)
Hotto, Harry
Howard, Chas. L.
Heywood Bros.
Hovey, Egbert
Healy, Conway & Saunders
Irwin, Sedden
Isaletta & Wallace
Jerome & Cameron
Johnson, Geo. (of Jarrett & Palmer)
Jordan, Chas. (of Aiken's Co.)
Jacobs, Henry C.
Kelly, J. (of Kelly & Neary)
Kelsh, Frank
Kelly, J. (of Walters & Kelly)
Kelly, Jas (of London Theatre, N. Y.)
Kiddler, C. S.
Lennon, John
Lenton Bros.
Lentz, Jr., Sam
Lorellas, The
Le Clair, Harry
Lucas, S. (with Hyers Sisters)
Leavitt, M. B. (12)
Lilley, C. (of Lilly & Colville)
Lehman, W. (of St. Gilmore's Band)
Lindley, Harry
Lorella, W. H. (2)
Lester & Williams)
Lorella's, Manager of The Lorella's
Lewis, L. B. (manager)
Lyle, W. E.
Livandais, A. M.
Levitt, Harry
Lewis, R. J.
Lennox, Walter
La Rue, Wm. La Rue Family)
Lyon, Geo. D.
Lorenzo, Irving
Lang & Smith
Moore, Neal (2)
Matthews, C. C.
Milton, F. (of Milton Bros.)
McWade, Robt.
Metcalfe, Geo.
McIntosh, Thos.
Martin, Master (of "Big 4")
Morrissey, John "Manager"
Millen, J. J. (2)
"Manager" Bell Ringers" (3)
Muller & Gardner
Morse, J. T.
Maughlin, W. (with D'Omer)
Morse, W. F.
McAvoy, F. (of Blaisdell's Band)
Mathews, Robt.
Morris, J. R.
Murphy, J. (of Murphy & Nichols Brm.)
Mead, F.
Pettit & White
Prindle, Johnny
Pullman Bros.
Philbin, Archie
Prismato, Carlo
Powers, Dan
Powers, Ben
Platner, Hiram
Pleasants, C. L.
Parks, John J.
Petrie & Fish
Quinn, Eddie
Reynolds, G. C. (of Wallace-Villa Co.)
Roberts, Sandie
Rivoltie, Sig. (2)
Roberts, N. D.
Ripley, C. H.
Robinson, Gale
Rudolph, Carl (2)
Raymond, J. T. (4)
Robinson, leader of orches.)
Riddell, Frank (female impers.)
Rosner, J. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Renolds & Coupe
Russell, Fred (Dutch "biz")
Rickey, Sam
Riley, J. (late of Enoch's, Philadel.)
Redmond & Shane
Robinson O. S.
Rosenbaum, E.
Stowell, F. G.
Rowe, Jack
Stewart, G. W. (of N. O. Minst.) 6c.
Stone, H. F.
Snow, Ben
Swain, Sam
Stephens, R. E. (2)
Spires, Lou
Spaulding, W. P.
Straight, Ned
Stiles, W. A.
St. Ormond, Harry
Smith, W. L. (of Smith's Bell R.)
Sanford, John
Seamon, C. (of Seamon & Summers)
Seymour, Teal
Sherwood, Benson
Stetson, E. T.
Stiles, J. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Sullivan, J. J. (of J. C. Williamson's Co.)
Stinehope, Wm. (Dollar-store "biz")
Sullivan, Jas. (late manag. Eureka Co.)
Southworth, Jas. J.
Sands, E. (of Keat & Sands)
Smith, E (of Smith & Byrne)
Singleton, C. 16c.
Soumers, Gus
Sharpley, Charlie
Sertrew, Saul
Stout, John
Shwartz, Alonzo
Trudell, Al (dancer)
Thompson, Denman
Tilla, W. H. (of English Op. Co.)
Tierney, Jas.
Tucker, J. B.
Thatcher & Hume
Tissot, Jules
Taylore, C. W.
Urable, Algebrame "Variety Manager" (3)
Vere, Geo. W.
Vincent, C. F.
Victorelli, H. (2)
Walhalla Bros.
Wilson, G. (of B. W. P. & W. Minst.)
Wilson, Harrison
Wesendorf, Jules
Withers, J. (musician)
Wilmott, James
Wilson, B.
Wilcott, Frank
Warren, Fred 36c.
Wagner, Chi
Winnett, Thos. & Lottie
White, C. H. (with Wallace Sisters)
Williams, Claude
Wood & West
Wenban, E. D.
Westendorf, Mr. (candy "biz")
Ward, Thos. (late of San Francisco)
Wood, Jr., Wm.
Sewart, G. W. (of N. O. Minst.) 6c.
Snow, Ben
Swain, Sam
Stephens, R. E. (2)
Spires, Lou
Spaulding, W. P.
Straight, Ned
Stiles, W. A.
St. Ormond, Harry
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Williams, Claude
Wood & West
Wenban, E. D.
Westendorf, Mr. (candy "biz")
Ward, Thos. (late of San Francisco)
Wood, Jr., Wm.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, March 11, '78.

Thus far we have marched on in the Lenten term without impediment. Mild and beautiful was the day that ushered in the season of Lent, and the second day was like unto it, with the temperature touching 71 degrees, and hyacinths, violets, tulips, etc., forcing their way through the unfrozen soil, while the advance harbingers of the coming of the flowers reared their tiny golden forms above the beds in which they were so tenderly laid when Autumn's chilly breath gave token of the approaching cold and dreary days. Bright little crocuses! They presence is like a golden gleam amid the —— Let's see—we thought we had the whole flowery kingdom dead to rights; but our memory, in the sere and *yellow* leaf, has played us false.....So far our amusements have not been seriously affected by the religious ceremonies incidental to the season. In fact, the year 1878 has not materially interfered with theatrical amusements, whatever it may have done with balls, banquets, receptions and the like. Man needs a little innocent recreation, and the theatre supplies just what he wants. If an irate runs to music, opera and concerts give him the opportunity to gratify his desires in that line; so, too, with the lighter forms of amusement—burlesque, opera-bouffe, farce, minstrelsy, variety, and miscellaneous entertainments of every degree—all have their interpreters and all enjoy a good share of public favor and patronage. Man must have something to cheer him up a bit in times like these, to lessen the strain which seems to bend him to the ground. In 1849, when the gold-fever set in with such virulence, threatening to —— It were better, perhaps, that we refrained from inflicting such a long-winded and uninteresting essay upon our intelligent readers, so we shall let the 49-ers rest undisturbed upon their hard-won laurels.....What effect will the silver dollar have upon our amusements? Well, a beneficial effect, in our opinion. It will just fit in the choice places in the orchestra, and its component parts will be in handsomely with the half-dollar sections, and quarter-dollar circle of the gods; they will be so heavy, such a load to carry in the pocket, that there will be a disposition to unload whenever a weary wayfarer approaches a place of amusement. We even go so far as to express the opinion that, with the incoming of the silver dollar with the nightingale chicken on the reverse side, the general business of the country will experience a sort of half-soled revival, at once encouraging and stimulating. We don't say that more than ordinary runs will rule at our theatres; we think the era of India rubber dramatic elongations has gone; we shall never, perhaps, witness a run equal to that of "Our Boys," in London which has just turned the corner on its second thousand. There is a sort of run that lightens the otherwise cheerful countenances of our worthy managers, and gives confidence to the company as to the "walking of the ghost" for a thousand nights, and a correspondingly healthy condition of the finances. Dear, dear! One thousand consecutive representations of one play, and hundreds times over on the thousandth night!.....And talking of the thousandth nighter, who can tell when *the first nitre* was discovered? Who can tell? we repeat. Probably at the initial production of "The Gunpowder Plot?".....Theatrical law-suits are becoming more and more popular every day. It's a cheaper mode of advertising than by the old plans, and managers take to it like it was a prime oyster on the half-shell. But the dear people will drop to it before many moons shall wax and wane, and then down comes the baseless fabric. We once knew a manager who loved law-suits better than he loved clams, and he was never at rest unless he had some writ of substitution exposing, or fieri facias, or something similar on hand. The lawyers looked upon him as a golden goose, and plucked the bird accordingly. At present his corpus is as bare as a shad-pole, and he hasn't even as much as the shadow of a pin-feather to hide his nudeness, while all the lawyers who were participants in his legal fun to excess, quail of toast.....Suppose Mr. Adams of the Pappenheim Opera Troupe should have an attack of quinsy, would that make him a Quincy Adams?.....Ever since Modjeska made such a hit in New York expeditions are being organized in all parts of the country to go in search of the Pole. [Sister Modjeska hails from the fair land of Poland—hence this little scrap.—ED.].....A very pretty story is going the rounds about a beautiful little girl presenting a bouquet to Mme. Rose, while that lady was performing in Chicago. Then the singer kissed the child, which the latter returned, and the house applauded them like the very mischief. And through that innocent child, the prima-donna is being freely advertised everywhere. It struck us that this little incident might be turned to advantage in favor of a graceful dancing friend of ours, so we got a pretty little girl, and drilled her twelve days without a moment's intermission, and the thing worked to a charm. So the night came when our plans were to be put into execution. We induced "Bouquet Johnny" to get up some-thing scrumptious, something far ahead of all previous designs. It knocked the rag off the bush in harmony of color, and delicacy of tint, to say nothing of the artistic arrangement of the flowers. Our dancing friend was all aglow with anticipation. The house was a stunner; just as Parthenia (that's the name of our friend) had given the finale to a *tour de force* as it might be, we set our little girl on the combing of the hatchway of the private box, and placed in her right hand the bouquet. Then we gave a wink to Parthy to approach. She did so, very gracefully, and just as she stretched forth her hand to receive the coveted prize, that little girl drew back, put the bouquet behind her and said: "Zat aint for oo; mat's for mamma!" We were never so mortified in our life; and as for Parthenia, she was so disconcerted that you could have knocked her down with a club! We take no more stock in pretty little girls and bouquets.....We know a man who knows another man who knows an English actress who picks up her q's, drops her h's, and casts down her g's! and she never received a college education! This sort of joke is hardly x-q's-a-ble!.....We are somewhat troubled as to the future of "Bob" Ingersoll. We don't mean what you think we do—we mean will he continue to lecture on "Hell" when hot weather sets in? If he intends to go right along, he had better make contracts for a supply of ice for the benefit of those of his hearers who cannot stand much fire. "Bob" can bring Belvidere Ice.....The good people of Chicago not coming forward in solid phalanx in support of the legitimate theatres there, Manager McVicker intimated that he might close his house if his efforts did not meet with more liberal encouragement. With our usual aptitude we seize the opportunity to throw off one of those smart little epigrams which have brought us so prominently and so favorably into notice, as thus:

There once was a man named McVicker,
Who said: "If the people aint quicker
In coming to see what I've presented by me,
I'll grow from the last of McVicker!"

But he didn't, for Chicago cannot afford to lose its old-time manager, who has given them so many first-class entertainments.....Mark Twain is to leave this country and its "Gilded Age" in April next. Is it not the duty of John T. Raymond to give us a new piece before he goes? And, if the water is good, might the genial Col. Sellers be induced to give him a bottle of his celebrated eye-water, with which to canvass the country just explored by H. Stanley?.....We don't know who is the present Lord of the Isles, but Mr. Tompkins of Boston is the recognized Lord of "The Exiles." Here it may be said that an unfortunate misunderstanding has arisen between Mr. Tompkins and Mr. Duff, the latter claiming the right to act "The Exiles," notwithstanding Mr. Tompkins puts in a prior claim. This gives us a chance to dash off a couplet which possesses rare intrinsic value:

DRAMATIC COURTESIES.

"Pretty, pretty Peter Tompkins, how do you doo do, how do you doo-oo?"
"None the better, Mr. Duffkins, for seeing you-oo, for seeing you-oo."

.....And just here we desire to nail another lie, which is making its fraudulent rounds, to the effect that the snow scene in one of our new plays is "so realistic as to reduce the temperature of the theatre ten degrees." A more villainous fabrication was never fabricated. To satisfy ourselves, and to prove the fallacy of this statement, we sneaked up into the flies of the theatre while this scene was on, and there were several men dropping particles of *white paper* down upon the stage; *there wasn't a single flake of snow in the whole house!* We are not going to permit our readers to be imposed upon by any such perversion of the real facts. We hold truth to be far stranger than fiction.....No, it isn't surprise in the least. Knowing, as we did, what an inflammable sort of a creature Kate is, we have been prepared all along for some such blazing-out as this. Now that it's all over, we extend our congratulations—none the less sincere because they are a little late in the day. We do not entertain any hard feelings towards Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson for not notifying us, in advance, of their matrimonial intentions. On the contrary, our good-will finds natural vent in verse, thus:

BETTER THAN STOCKS.

What matters it now if through fire
Fair Kate has repeatedly past?
There are others in store I have served but to try her,
While Love blazes up at the last.
And what if the lady is oankrupt?
To Cupid's demands she responds,
And the sales of such stocks are as nothing
When compared with the nuptial bonds!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

An application to commit Edward Arnott for contempt of court was argued before Judge Lawrence, Supreme Court, Chambers, this city, March 8, and decision was reserved. A judgment for $225 had been obtained against Arnott by default, and it was returned unsatisfied. Being served in mistake with the original papers ordering him to appear for examination, instead of a copy of them, he is alleged to have torn them up, and to have failed to appear.....John T. Raymond is represented as being prepared to head with $80 a subscription in favor of erecting a monument over Charlotte Cushman.....Max Pinner, piano-player, who returned from Europe a few weeks ago, is to appear at the Thomas concert rehearsal in this city on March 14.....Medical men warn singers that tight-fitting collars, cravats, etc., are liable to cause paralysis of the vocal organs, and that wrapping up the throat in mufflers, boas, comforters, etc., is dangerous.....Miss Dora Hall, of the young black bears at the Zoological Gardens, Cincinnati, O., died of hydrophobia on March 2. It had bitten two companion bears before it could be caged.....Camilla Urso's violin, valued at $5,000, which was stolen out of her party were levied upon by a Sheriff's officer in Ithaca, N. Y., March 2. The company had agreed to give a concert on the previous evening, but had been prevented from keeping the engagement by a railroad accident, which rendered it impossible for them to reach Ithaca in time. The local manager was informed of the fact, promptly, and the concert was indefinitely postponed. When the company arrived at midnight they were greeted, as the story runneth, with a demand from the local manager for the reimbursement of his expenses, and the payment of $200 damages. The proposition was not entertained, and a levy was made on their traveling outfit. A new wardrobe was hastily collected, Camilla borrowed a violin, and the company gave a concert at Oneida in the evening, according to announcement.....A startling example of theatre-bill honesty comes to us from the Grand Opera-house, San Francisco. In the bill of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Louis Delmore has been doubling the roles of the Shelbys. They are father and son. This is odd enough, and ordinarily, in doubling these parts, the names of two different actors would be announced. But in San Francisco Mr. Louis Belmore's name stands opposite each.....Miss Betty Rigl will probably return to this country in May next.....President Grevy, of the French municipal council, has recently, thinks so well of this country that he contemplates making it his permanent residence.....Among the bookings at the Theatre Comique, this city, for March 25 are the French Twin Sisters, the Backlow Brothers, R. M. Carroll and sons, Emma Bretto, Harry Woodson, Dick Rowe and the Springers.....Miss Kate Girard (Mrs. George Fawcett Rowe) occupied a box at her friend's benefit, at Wallack's, on eights ago, and looked none the worse for her recent severe illness.....It was proposed to honor F. B. Chatterton with a stupendous testimonial benefit March 7, in view of the termination of the lease of Drury-lane Theatre, London.....Maurice Dran has gone to Mexico.....It is stated that when "The Exiles" leave the Broadway Theatre and go a-gipsying, Miss Georgina Barnes, daughter of Rose Eytinge, will take the place of Ada Gilman as Charles Wagg, the groom.....Winona" is the name of a five-act drama written by a colored female of Boston, a graduate of the Girls' High School.....The Bolossy Kiralfy Opera-bouffe Troupe is due in this city next September.....John C. Cowper on the 17th inst. is to begin a new series of entertainments at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, under the title of "Reporters and Reminiscences of the Great Actors of the Present Century."....The Quinsigamond Boat Club of Worcester, Mass., performed the extravaganza of "Lord Bateman" in that city on March 5, at the theatre there. The wife of Miss May Hart (Mrs. J. G. Saville), represented by Philip Hart, against J. G. Saville, has at last got into the papers. It was begun last year in Philadelphia, while Miss Hart was playing at the Chestnut-street Theatre. Suit was by L. R. Shewell vs. Mrs. L. R. Shewell has also got into print at last. The twain have not lived together in nearly four years, and the W. B. Blake was the Prince to Mallack's.....The London original was the great William Farren, the companion now of Clarke and Blake. The present William Farren, who could best succeed his father as Grimaldi, but is very much in demand as a light comedian, while his brother Henry, who left our Kate Reignolds a widow, did Ephraim Jenkinson. Taylor's version was not successful in London, for the same reason that it made no big hit here—it was too old-fashioned. The fine old metropolitan dramatist may overcome this objection.....Differing from most females who affect quadrupedic pets, and having more nerve than is shown by the brass and frass tribe, the latest venture beyond Spitz dogs, a Boston lady is cultivating two young bears as companions. Another lady is said to have two baby African lions which she has allowed the freedom of her house in. The police ordered her to cage them.....Marie Wieck is piano-playing in Genoa. She is a sister of the celebrated Clara Schumann.....Dr. Joachim has reappeared in London, Eng., and Mme. Essipoff is in Berlin.....The notorious Mme Rachel, who for the past dozen years (with the unimportant exception of five passed in prison) has been "higher beauties of the completion" of J. F.'s (female fools in first families) in London, is again on the verge of equilibrium. She has just been "beautifying" Mrs. Godfrey Pearce by the tune of $2,500 in jewelry, which the security for the payment of $1,000 as soon as the latter lady's complexion should be finished. This recital would be of little interest here were it not that Mrs. Pearce is quite well known in theatrical circles, being a daughter of Emma and Marlo.....George W. Morgan, with the aid of his daughter and Adelaide and Mathilde Phillipps, is to give a concert in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, March 14.....Verdi's "Requiem Mass" is said to be the stage name of an American baritone who is singing in Europe. Possibly designed as an improvement upon "O George!".....Charles Van der Berg, pianist to the Kaiser of Berlin, has just died at the Harz.....He was sixty years old.....Miss Kate E. Clark is to be the recipient of a complimentary concert at Chickering Hall, this city, March 16.....Louis Altenburgh, a musician of more than average merit, and who had been playing the piano in concert-saloons in Toledo, O., there shot his wife dead on March 6, while he was under the influence of jealous rage and bad beer mixed. She had been living for two weeks in Toledo under the name of Jessie Stockton. Her maiden name was Mattie Haynes, and he had married her in Indianapolis on Sept. 25 last. In the career as a musician had begun with Gilfrady's Circus in 1871.....Frank Caufman and Sig. Frapoli are operatic vocalists who, with Marie Rose, will be heard in this city for the first time on March 18.....Mrs. Mary N. Bowers, mother of Major-general A. J. Bowers, and also of W. F. Collins of London, Eng., and well known as a minstrel, died in Pittsburg, Pa., March 8, 1873.

CITY SUMMARY.

AT FRENCH'S VAUDEVILLE THEATRE the attractions this week are Miss Fanny Herring in "The Tigress of the West," Allie Sheppard, Nettie and May Clinton, and Bertie Mason.

FIFTEEN PEOPLE reinforced the company at Tony Pastor's Theatre March 4. Ella Mayo, who made her first appearance on Broadway, was charmingly attired, and was fairly successful in singing serio-comic songs; Fred and Charley Sharpley displayed considerable skill in a musical-mokract; Jennie Hughes sang the cuckoo song from "La Marjolaine," and in response to recalls gave "My Johanna" and several others, which evoked liberal applause; Leona and Ella Fontainebleau deserve especial credit for their efforts to please. They have fulfilled several engagements in this city the present season, and upon each occasion their entertainment has been new. This is worthy of special remark, because a like practice among variety performers is so rare. Leona, attired in a very rich toilet, appropriate to her age and sex, sang "La Paloma" in Spanish, a song in German, and danced a Highland fling. Baby Ella, by her arch and comical singing of "Jeremiah, Blow the Fire," caused much laughter, and a double song-and-dance by the two closed their act. Harry Kernell in songs, dances, and witticisms was up to his usual standard of excellence. The songs-and-dances by the Parker Sisters, clad in satin suits of male attire, pleased. Emmerson, Clark, and the Daly Brothers gave rough and tumble songs-and-dances with much gusto, winding up with a series of feats of high-kicking, which astonished the spectators. John Kernell was seen with his brother Harry and Watson and Ellis in a grotesque quartet of vocalists. Their eccentric performances met with so much favor that they were recalled six or seven times. Frank Brush gave a characteristic song entitled "Solomon Moses." His individualization of the Jewish character and imitation of their peculiar dialect when speaking both the English and Hebrew languages were remarkably faithful to nature. His performance has the merit of novelty, and was highly successful. Being several times recalled, he gave excellent imitations of an Italian, of George S. Knight delivering a Dutch recitation, Den Thompson as Joshua Whitcomb, and Tony Hart in a female character. These were the fresh appearances, the programme being filled out by Raymond and Murphy in Irish songs-and-dances; songs by Tony Pastor, including "Turn off the Gas at the Metre," and one descriptive of the stereopticon pictures displayed at Broadway and Twenty-third street; Watson and Ellis in "Dutchie in a Fix;" and the sketches of "The Coalheavers' Strike" and "Dutch Blunders." Business large.

HARRY MINER'S NEW THEATRE.—On May 1 next the removal of five buildings on the east side of Bowery near Broome street will be commenced, and upon their site a new variety theatre is to be built, which will be 50ft. wide, 80ft. high, and 180ft. deep. The front elevation is to be three stories of brick and iron in Romanesque style. The stage will be 50ft. wide by 38ft. deep, and separated from the auditorium by a brick wall extending from the foundation to the roof. There are to be three exits from the stage, one on either side, and another through the alley in the rear. The dressing-rooms and heating apparatus, the latter inclosed in brick-work, are to be located under the stage. The private boxes will not be placed in the proscenium, but upon the parquet floor at either side of the stage. There will be one balcony of horseshoe form, with three capacious staircases leading to the lower floor. The seating capacity will be 1,600. The front of the theatre will be so constructed that in case of danger it can be taken out, thus giving free access for exit to the audience.

THE CASE OF GEO. H. TYLER, late manager of the Olympic Theatre, who was indicted in December last, at the instance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, for permitting a child not having a net used on the stage during the gymnastic performances of "Baby George" and "Little All Right," came up in the Court of General Sessions March 7. Mr. Tyler's counsel informed the court that his client was on the road, and asked for time to enable him to appear. By consent the case was adjourned for two weeks.

WILL H. STERN and troupe of performing dogs, Lizzie Marcellous, principal equestrienne, and others, left for Havana March 7 to join the Orrin Brothers' Company.

A HARDER WORKER than Martin W. Hanley it would be difficult to find among managers, and in recognition of his energy it is proposed to tender him a complimentary benefit at the Theatre Comique in May, on which occasion Messrs. Harrigan & Hart's Combination for the Summer.

CHARLES MELVILLE, agent of Gilmore's Band, arrived in town last week, their tour having ended.

"OLIO," Bartley Campbell's new drama, is to be produced in the Fifth-avenue Theatre March 25.

A TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT to T. C. Whittenberg under T. B. Pastor's direction took place last week at Tony Hall Theatre March 13. The performance will include "Virginia Mummy," "Toodles," "Cousin Joe," songs, dances, sketches, etc.

AT THE GAYETY THEATRE, Harlem, this week may be seen A. H. Sellon, Quilter and Goldrich, Allie Drayton, the Carleton Sisters, the Morello Brothers, Ward and Wells, Johnny Healy, John Pendleton, Ward Watson, Blandine Ully and others.

THE SEASON of English opera at the Grand Opera house, under L. M. Ruben's management, begins April 1. The manager is making every exertion to give complete and acceptable representations of operatic works, and has already succeeded in organizing a company in which are many well-known names. Many promises are made of excellence in the various departments, and the most attractive specialties and during very brief engagements. As each one is to be supported by his or her own combination, a smoothness of performance, not otherwise attainable, is guaranteed, while the patrons of this theatre will be the gainers by the complete changes in the attractions.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, although a good business was done since our last report, it was evident that the Lenten season affected the attendance. Gibbons and Russell in Irish character songs-and-dances and a burlesque wrestling-match pleased. Dr. B. Talbot displayed creditable skill in shattering glass balls, his feats being shooting at ten balls thrown from two spring-traps; shooting at four balls, standing with his back to the stage and firing after the traps were sprung, then turning and firing; and shooting at four balls, two being thrown simultaneously from the traps. Alice Somers did songs-and-dances in male attire quite neatly; Alecia Jourdan vocalized, changing her attire with each song; the Irish specialists of Frank Mara were commendable, and well performed Curry and Hayden's evolutions on the horizontal-bar were gracefully and skillfully accomplished; the soft music elicited from goblets by Prof. A. W. Sawyer was an attractive feature of the programme; Queen and West repeated their familiar act of "Corporal Jim and I;" and Pat Rooney gave the freshest of his songs, dances and witticisms to lavish applause. In addition to the above performers, who opened March 4, John Wild, J. F. Crossen, Ed. Burt, Annie Mack and Nellie Jones acted the sketch of "The Lawyer's Clerk;" Will H. Morton sang popular songs; J. F. Sheridan gave character songs, with rapid changes of costume; Jennie Engle vocalized; and "Sullivan's Christmas," with Harrigan and Hart in the chief characters, formed the closing feature.

AT EGYPTIAN HALL the burlesque of "Intrigue" is the feature for March 11. George Atkins, Ada Freeman, Lillie Raymond, Stella Hughes, Eva St. Clair, Emile Goroux and Mlle. Adeline are the principal people in the olio.

E. G. COTTON resigned his position as business-manager of the Olympic March 9. He will act as the business-agent of W. E. Barnes during the run of his new drama at that theatre.

JOHN R. ALLEN of Chicago, Ill., who has been in town for a few days, is to leave for that city March 12.

LILLY PEARSON, and not Lizzie Pearson, was the maiden name of the widow of Sam Collins, the variety theatre stage-manager, who died recently.

MISS EMILY SIEGEL, principal dancer, and John Kuttner, merchant, were united in marriage March 3 by the Rev. Mr. Cohen.

NO CHANGE was made in the entertainment offered at the Grand Opera-house; but a slight falling-off in the audience last week indicated that "Henry V," with all its display of pageantry, thrilling battle-scenes, etc., is not, after all, the style of performance eagerly sought after by the patrons of this theatre.

THE TWO COMEDIANS Robson and Crane attracted good-sized audiences to the Park Theatre during the second week of "Our Bachelors," and their powerful peals of laughter that frequently rippled o'er the auditorium attested the pleasure they enjoyed.

"OUR BOARDING-HOUSE" was withdrawn at the Standard Theatre March 9, having attracted a liberal attendance during the week. It is Manager Henderson's intention to present many of the most popular pieces in the repertoire of the company in their most attractive specialties and during very brief engagements. As each one is to be supported by his or her own combination, a smoothness of performance, not otherwise attainable, is guaranteed, while the patrons of this theatre will be the gainers by the complete changes in the attractions.

AT HARRY MINER'S AMERICAN THEATRE the company this week will include Bobby Newcomb, Vantine and Beatrice Vernon, Billy Mason, Crawford Bros., Jos. Norton, Frank Gibbons, Harrison and Farrel, Creston Bros., Fannie Davenport, Davenport Bros., Little Rosebud, and Chase and Davis.

AT BOOTH'S THEATRE the successful run of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" terminated March 9, the auditorium being well filled all the week.

NIBLO'S GARDEN was well filled last week, the only change being the revival of the farce of "A Kiss in the Dark," which opened with performances of "The Hunchback" and "The Bride of Notre Dame" was acted for the last time March 9.

SUCCESS continues to reward the efforts of the San Francisco Minstrels in giving a healthy and moral show. Their programme is arranged to suit all tastes; the first-part containing a choice selection of fresh ballads and songs, well rendered by skilled vocalists, and interlarded with the eccentricities and jokes of the end-men, while the olio offers abundant food for mirth. The freshest features last week were the bass song "Good Rhine Wine," sung with telling effect by H. W. Frillman; a ballad, "The Valley of Chamouni," vocalized in a pleasing manner by J. G. Russell; a sketch entitled "Mr. Bones and Mr. Brown," by Johnson, aided by J. Johnson, evoked shouts of laughter; and for the afterpiece the old but ever-welcome act of "School" was given, with Bob Hart as the learned pedagogue, W. Raymond as Patsy Bollivar, who ever gets punished for the roguish pranks committed by the dunce, and all the other comedians as schoolboys. Charles Backus was prevented by illness from performing.

A COMPLETE CHANGE of programme, with the exception of Miss Heller's "second-sight" manifestations, was given in Fifth-avenue Hall March 4, which proved to be the most entertaining of all yet given there. The first-part was, as usual, devoted to magical feats, of which six fresh and difficult ones were performed very deftly. In the second part Mr. Heller played upon the piano a caprice upon airs from "Il Trovatore," and gave his capital and laughable caricature of a boarding-school miss at piano-practice. After Miss Heller's second-sight performances "A Show of Hands, or a Game with the Goblins," in which Mr. Heller was seen at his wonderful skill, closed the entertainment. This last was of the Spiritualistic order, and by far surpassed any manifestations hitherto given by so-called "spiritual mediums." Attendance fair.

JOHN E. OWENS, acting in "The Victims" and "Solon Shingle," is to play this week only in the Standard The

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and Adelaide Phillipps will assist.....Under the auspices of Norman A. Manning a concert is set given March 7 at Germania Hall for the benefit of Jacob Senn.

"APRIL SHOWERS SCHOTTISCHE," by M. F. Huse, is the title of a new piece of music just issued by Chas. H. Fitch, who advertises his address in this issue. The title-page is written in yellow and gold, with a portrait of Genevieve Rogers.

ALICE OATES' Comic opera Company is to commence a week's engagement in the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, March 18, producing for the first time in English in that city "Perichole" and "Marjolaine."

A BRASS BAND, numbering ten pieces, can be secured for a circus or hall-show. See Geo. Seifert's card.

R. H. WHEELER, who advertises, wants to engage a man to lead military band and orchestra.

T. P. WESTBROOKE, trombone-player, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged.

THE STRAKOSCH OPERA COMPANY opened for a week at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., March 4. The repertory embraced "Traviata," 4; "Mignon" 5, "Aida" 5, "Rigoletto" 6, "Mignon" 8, "Don Giovanni" 9. Save on the opening night, houses were large, every seat being sold in advance. Thursday evening was made memorable by the debut of Miss Mary Van of Cincinnati, who made a success. She possesses a good soprano voice, and her acting was excellent. Misses Kellogg, Cary and Roze are all enthusiastic in their praise of her, wrote our correspondent.

THE CECELIAN GLEE CLUB of Indianapolis, Ind., gave an anniversary invitation entertainment at Harmonic Hall March 7. F. N. Scott is the director of this meritorious organization.....The Lyra Society gave its regular monthly concert at Washington Hall 6.

JOHN DUTTON, clarionet-player, advertises for an engagement with a circus.

PROF. JULE C. WRIGHT offers to furnish a brass band and orchestra for a dramatic company or circus. See card

BOBBY NEWCOMB'S latest song-and-dance, "Little Cherry Blossom," and other popular melodies are advertised by Harding.

GEORGIE DEAN SPAULDING is passing a few weeks with her friends in Chicago. Her father gave a musical party March 6, in which several Chicago celebrities participated.

DARWIN'S ORIGINAL TENNESSEANS are reported as meeting with success. They are billed in Geneva March 11, Madison 12, Painsville 13, Berea 14, Shelby 15, Crestline 16.

AT HOOLEY'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., the Alice Oates Opera Company have had a week's successful season. March 4, "Giroflé Girofla" was given; 5, "La Fille de Madame Angot;" 6, matinee, "Madame Duchesse;" evening, "La Jolie Parfumeuse;" 7, "Barbe Bleue;" 8, "La Perichole," and repeated for the matinee 9; evening 9, "La Princess de Trebizonde." They go to Cleveland, O.

THE BOHEMIAN BELLRINGERS, under the management of Sam Sampson, are reported as meeting with success through the New England States. The company consists of Oscar and Louise Shaffer, Stella Livingston, J. W. Masters, Hattie Sampson, and C. A. Renfield, agent. They dedicated a hall in Southbridge, Mass., March 9. Route: Medfield 11, Mansfield 12, Valley Falls, R. I., 13, Manchaug, Mass., 14, East Douglass 15, Manville, R. I., 16.

CRICUS-MANAGERS in need of a first-class band and orchestra are referred to Allen's Silver Cornet Band card in our advertising columns.

GEORGE HASTINGS, leader of orchestra and brass band, who also plays violin, B-flat cornet, alto or baritone, advertises for an engagement.

A SITUATION as a costume and dress maker with a prima donna is wanted by Mrs. E. M., who advertises.

THE KELLOGG-CARY-ROZE OPERA TROUPE is booked at Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house March 11, 12, 13. Our correspondent says: "A great rush is anticipated, the first two days of the week reserved seats amounting to $3,000, excursion trains from all the neighboring towns having been organized. .....Emma Thursby comes 15, and Julia Hive 22. M. W. Whitney gave concerts 2, 3, assisted by his company, to fair houses.

THE LADIES' ALPINE QUARTET, aided by the Novello Concert Company, are to perform in Concord, Mass., March 18, Hollister 19, Framingham 20, Grafton 21, Upton 22, Natick 23, Ashland 24, Westboro 25. The officers and company are as follow: Henry Leonard, proprietor and manager; George A. Savin, general agent; Lincoln Taylor, assistant agent; the Alpine Quartet; Miss Emelie Jerome, elocutionist; Miss Clara Upham, soprano; Miss Abbie W. Corey, contralto crystalonium performer: Miss Ida Parlow, violinist; Miss Marion Monague, vocalist and xylophone player; Sydney Burt, humorist; Godfrey Wallace, pianist; and Charles Jerome, musical director.

S. P. NORMAN, tenor singer, is open for an engagement with either a concert or a minstrel company. See card. He has just concluded a successful engagement with Morris Brothers' Minstrels.

THE HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY presented "The Chimes of Normandy," "Martha," "Villars Dragoons," etc., in the Pittsburg (Pa.) Opera-house the last week to large audiences.

A SMALL ORCHESTRA, string or brass, announced as capable of playing various styles of music to suit different branches of the profession, seeks an engagement. See S. H. H.'s card.

MUSICAL NOTES are thus sounded from Boston, Mass.:

Mendelssohn's oratorio "St. Paul" was sung in Music Hall 5 for the tenth time by the Handel and Haydn Society. Carl Zerrahn conducts, Miss Abby Hutchinson Hall, William J. Winch and John F. Winch. Carl Zerrahn, conductor; G. W. Sumner, organist. House crowded. The programme stated that this oratorio was first performed by the society Jan. 25, 1843, at the Melodeon.....Miss Abbie Nevers' annual testimonial concert was given in Music Hall 7 before a crowded audience. John Orth, pianist, appeared in place of S. Ziebling, who was indisposed.....A concert for the benefit of the Carney Hospital will be given in Tremont Temple 18. H. T. Reed, formerly identified with dime concerts, is to inaugurate a series at the Miltonian 13.....The Cecelia Club give their second concert in Tremont Temple 14, when "Athalie" will be presented.....A vocal and orchestral entertainment, including the burlesque opera "Fidelia," will be given in Turn Hall 13.....The Harvard Musical Association give their ninth concert in Music Hall afternoon of 14, Miss Fanny Kellogg, soprano, as soloist.....John Orth, assisted by Miss Lillian Baiter, shortly gives a matinée recital in Union Hall.....Hall's Boston Brass Band, D. C. Hall leader, gives a vocal and instrumental concert in Music Hall 17, assisted by Miss Anna Berger and the Young Apollo Club of New York.....W. O. Perkins of this city is to conduct musical conventions at Barre, Vt., 12 to 15, and at Chelsea, Vt., 19 to 22.....Two popular concerts are to be given in Music Hall 20 and afternoon of 23. Theodore Thomas and orchestra, Miss Mathilde Wilde, soprano, Madame Madeline Schiller, pianist, and Signor Tagliapietra are to appear.....S. Ziebling announces a concert to take place at Union Hall 21, when he will be aided by Miss Kellogg, Madame Leontine, Arnot Cohn, Messrs. Ernst Perabo, Carl Pflueger, Albert Van Raalte and Joseph Claus.....The twentieth concert by Brown's Brigade Band occurs at Beethoven Hall 10. The supporting artists are Mrs. M. F. Marchington, soprano; George E. Titus, bass; and Messrs. Kaulisch, Jacob Gilcher, G. A. Patz and Fred Eustis, instrumentalists.

VARIETY HALLS.

BUSINESS was good at the New Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., the expired week. The arrivals were Clark Gibbs in Ethiopian absurdities; Mons. Florentine, juggler and balancer; Lillie Ellis, serio-comic; and Kelly and Neary in Irish song-and-dance. Maud Hastings being quite ill, Rose Mell took her part in "Pink Dominos." The Clintotop Sisters were a pleasing addition to the ballet. Departures 9: Niles and Evans and Mollie Wilson, to New York; Ida Burt, to Washington; and Lew and Pauline Parker, to Philadelphia. March 11, Carrie Lewis and Bella Bent arrive.....With the exception of R. Jean Buckley and Dick Smith, an entirely new company appeared at the Odeon March 4. The serio-comics were Kitty Bowell, Lydia Sheeran and Marie Nelson; Jeannette Lewis in straight jigs; George and Marie Nelson in black; Andy and Annie Hughes, and D. A. Kelly and Dan Collyer in their Ethiopian sketch "Troubles of an Actor." James Sheeran, who was to have opened here, was stricken with rheumatism of the heart March 3, and now lies quite low. The Nelsons departed 9 for Cleveland, O. March 11: Lydia Rosa is billed. Business of the week good. Advices of March 9.

A FAIR BUSINESS was done at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., the past week, the programme opening with the sketch of "Taking the Pledge," performed by Ed. Favor, W. Shields, A. J. Leavitt and B. O. Malcolm. Barry Maxwell followed in his impersonation of the old Southern negro, Carrie Lewis in serio-comic songs, George H. Coes and Luke Schoolcraft in "Music vs. Elocution," Favor and Shields as the Lackawanna Spooners, Bryant and Carroll as the reconstructed mokes, introducing songs and playing upon a score or more of musical instruments, including an imitation of Levy's cornet-playing; Thatcher and Hume in a grotesque song and-dance, Reynolds and Walling in a Dutch sketch, Kate and Fanny McDowell in songs, the Levanion Brothers in evolutions on the horizontal-bar, Lizzie Daly in a jig, and the sketch "Open on Sunday" by Schoolcraft, Coes, Fred Carroll, Leavitt, Thatcher, Maxwell and Malcolm. The engagements for week of 11 are Larry Tooley, Lillie Hall, Kine Brothers, Harry Richmond, Banker and Mills, Charles Vivian, Keating and Sands, Jennie Hughes, Billy Barry, Crossley and Elder, Gus Mills. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to be given with a New York cast 18.....The Boylston Museum has done a good business, the bill opening with the Blue-stocking Female Minstrels, Ned Wambold and James McKee on the bone-end, Wm. C. Turner and M. Sullivan as tambos, assisted by the Novello Male Quartet. The succeeding olio William Dwyer sang motto songs, W. C. Turner gave his sketch of "Tony the Tailor," the Stuart Sisters appeared in songs-and-dances, the Novello Quartet sang popular selections, Wambold, McKee and Sullivan appeared in the farce "Fun from Washington," Lillie Elliott gave a skipping-rope dance; Georgina Smithson, a recent English importation, made her American debut in the sketch of "Robinson Crusoe," displaying a costume similar to that worn by Lydia Thompson; Josephine Shanley made her first appearance in this season in a serio-comic song, the bill concluding with Frank H. Nelson's reconstructed burlesque of "Don Juan," in which Sadie Martinot and Spray Arlington were seen, in addition to a ballet corps, including Viro Farrand, Lottie Elliott, the Rose Sisters, Emma Webster, Frances Geraldine, Mlle. Johanna and Alvira Donnetti. Belcher's art entertainment is to be exhibited 10. The fresh faces 11 are George Kurtz and Nellie Brooks, J. D. Roome, Lou Vavasour, Reynolds and Walling, Mlle. Leterneur, with the London Female Midgets, and the burlesque of "Forty Thieves," in addition to Prof. Graff's Egyptian Mystery, and Ida Phillips and troupe in classical groupings. Letter of March 10.

THE FRESH appearances at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., March 4 were Hattie and Bennie Grinnell, Gus Mills, Harrington, Jennie Ward, J. H. Graham and Dr. S. M. Landis. Business excellent. Departures 9: Dr. Landis, J. H. Graham, Jennie Ward, Hattie and Bennie Grinnell, Virginia Marshall and Nellie Norris, to New York; and Cummings and Harrington, Washington, D. C. Coming 11: Higgins and Asonia, G. W. Long, the New York Vocal Quartet, the Springers, John Ennis, Nellie Young, Gracie Low, Georgie Bell, Minnie Scott, Angie Miller and Susie Leonard.....At the Metropolitan the attendance was good, and the programme the best given in some time. The newcomers comprised Charles S. Rogers and Mattie Vickers, Crossley and Elder, the Langlois Brothers, the dramatic feature consisting of "Rip Van Winkle," with Joseph Sefton as Rip. Departures 9: Crossley and Elder, Boston; Harry Sinclair, Brooklyn; and Chas. Rogers and Mattie Vickers. Underlined for 11: Thatcher, Georgie Healy, Alice Bateman and Billy Noonan, Frank Ray and Louis Roble.....J. M. Bradford, who has been laying off for some time on account of a cold, is recovering, and is to have a benefit in the Opera-house 16. Letter of March 9.

THE FRESH FACES at the Volks' Theatre, Brooklyn, last week included Kelly and Ryan, Harris and Carroll, the Gorman Brothers, Achille Philion, Billy and Nellie Hasson, Kate Lewis, Harry Bennett, and the Carlton Sisters. All of these were favorably received by the audience. Harry Bennett's Irish specialties were particularly good, and he was rewarded with enthusiastic applause. Hugh Fay and Dave Oaks continued to add materially to the fun of the performance. Messrs. Hyde and Behman appear to have struck a vein of good luck, as the Volks' is filled as regularly as the doors are opened. Sunday and Thursday matinees have grown steadily in favor. The announcements for this week exhrace Delehanty and Hengler, the Devere Brothers, Cardello and Victorelli, Harry Blanchard and Delia Shepard. Kelly and Ryan, Harry Bennett, and Hugh Fay remain over.

THE TEXAS JACK COMBINATION commenced a week's engagement at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, on March 4, appearing in the popular comedy of "Thrice Married" and the sensational drama "Life on the Border." Mlle. Morlacchi's playing, singing and dancing in "Thrice Married" afforded much satisfaction, and Texas Jack in the border-drama produced a corresponding effect. An almost entirely new company appears here March 11, including Miss Georgiana Smithson, the McDowell Sisters, Mackin and Wilson, Wm. O. Dale Stephens, Fanny Wentworth and Harry Osborne, Maxwell and Carroll, John Patterson and Mlle. Linda Jeal. Frank Dumont's new farce "Arry of the H'Oxfords," with Jacques Kruger in the title-role, will be produced March 18.

AT THE NEW NATIONAL, Philadelphia, the varied and lengthy programme presented last week attracted large audiences. The new arrivals March 4 were Quilter and Goldrich in their songs-and-dances; Cardello and Victorelli in their very clever horizontal-bar act; Little Nellie Grace in comic songs and dances, which were very favorably received, this being her first appearance on the stage; and W. H. Lytell as Snorkey and Miss Ada Wennell as Laura Courtland in the concluding drama, "Under the Gaslight." Bee Cotton and his daughter Idaline, in their drama "Faithful Bob;" Emmerson, Clark and the Daly Brothers, and W. Henry Rice are the new faces for March 11.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL COMIQUE, Philadelphia, the novel features presented last week included the specialties of the Carroll Family, McConnin and Regan, Alice Gleason, Minnie Lee and Dan Mason. The attendance continued good. On March 11 A. H. Bogardus and Ira A. Paine commence a week's trial of skill at shooting; Charley Gardner, Mons. Emil Geroux, the Hassons and the School Sisters also participate in an appearance on the last-mentioned date.

AT ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the new appearances March 4 were Helene Scanlon in serio-comic songs; Miss Nellie Babcock as Betsy in Dan Lesson's burlesque entitled "Spectacles and Oysters;" and Miss Kate Raymond and O. B. Collins in their sensational drama "London Jack." The people closing March 9 were Jerry Cohan, Mlle. Romelli and Senor Espinoza, Kitty Smith and J. F. Johnson. The new faces March 11 are Goldie Steele and Sallie St. Clair, Dan Hart, M. J. Slevin and Miss Alta Hallett.

THE ALLEN SISTERS—Louise, Ray, Anna and Ricca—in their pleasing dances were the only new faces at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, during the past week, the attendance being up to the usual high average. The following people will be added to the company March 11: Miss Meta Saxon, Sam Martin, George and Nellie Wood, Miss Juliette Nault, Miss Nellie Belmont, Master Edwin and Prof. Nell Smith and his dogs.

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AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Galveston, Texas, the company at our latest advices included Jennie Melville, Neoskieta, Frankie Christie, Georgie Armstrong, Josie Fey, Boyd and Wade, Dora Bishop, Sadie Dowling, Dan Griffin, Sam Charles, George Mitchell and Little Leoni.

IRVING'S ROYAL JACKITS-CHY'S JAPANESE TROUPE has been enjoying success at the Coliseum, Detroit, Mich., and has been re-engaged to open at the Grand Opera-house, that city, under the same management. They open in Buffalo, N. Y., March 18, Rochester 25.

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Married, by Alderman W. R. Daly, at Parker City, Pa., in the Mead House parlor, about 4 o'clock P. M., Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1878, Daniel Nash of London, Eng., to Emma Divis of London. Bride professionally known as Minnie Farrell, in presence of M. D. Moorhead of Pennsylvania and of Johnny Whitney and Emma Clifford of the Mabel Pearl Female-minstrel Troupe.

In corroboration of this she sends a copy of a marriage certificate, signed "W. R. Daily, Alderman," and "John Whitney and M. D. Moorhead" as attesting witnesses. On the back of the certificate is a certification by W. R. Daily that it is "a true copy of a record on my (his) docket;" also a telegram from the same gentleman dated Parker's, Pa., March 6, stating, "You were married in the Mead House parlor, second floor." This, we think, conclusively proves that the marriage took place.

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HI HENRY publishes a card cautioning parties from using his name and business unlawfully. Mr. Henry also states that he will soon be at liberty, and would like to hear from responsible parties.

MANCHESTER & JENNINGS' COMBINATION played in Sharon, Pa., March 9, 11, the nine to New Castle 12, 13, Youngstown, O., 14, 15, Warren 16, 18, Ravenna 19, 20, Akron 21, 22. The company includes George and Lizzie Derious, the Continental Four —Welch, Harris, Morris and Matthews—and Manchester and Jennings. Prof. Cramer is the leader of the orchestra.

GEORGE KURTZ and Nellie Brooks announce their dates as all filled. They can be communicated with through their agents, Caverly & Ireson.

KATE RAYMOND and O. B. Collins sail for England April 4. They announce that they have made quite a success with their play of "London Jack."

EL NINO EDDIE, tight-rope performer, writes to THE CLIPPER that he and Miss Mabel Pearl were married in Oil City, Pa., Jan. 14 last.

HARRY MINER'S NEW THEATRE, at 165 and 167 Bowery, this city, is to open during the latter part of June. Variety artists are requested to communicate as per card for Summer engagements at this house and at the American Theatre, now under Mr. Miner's management.

BILLY WYLIE, Irish vocalist, is still performing in New Haven, Ct.

RAYMOND AND MURPHY publish a card from Tony Pastor, recommending them in their Irish specialties as attractive performers. They open at Shelby's Adelphi, Buffalo, N. Y., March 11.

DAVIS & CO. want to engage ladies and gentlemen for a combination to take the road in April, and they advertise for a young lady to play small parts with a dramatic company.

THE D'ALVE SISTERS—Lillie and Gussie—vocalists, etc., who have just closed a successful engagement in Washington, D. C., open at the Mollie Darling, Baltimore, Md., March 11, and have three weeks vacant from the 18th. Several press notices, which speak favorably of their performances, are published in another column.

BUSINESS has picked up somewhat at the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., the past week, and the entertainment given has been of a very satisfactory description. Mr. Robinson, author and actor, appeared in his drama of "The Arkansas Traveler," which has drawn well. The great four—Cerisi, Renon, Raynor and Murray—appeared to advantage in their mirth-provoking acts, and were repeatedly recalled. No departures on the 9th, and no new announcements, as yet, for the 11th. Advices of March 8.

THE NEW ARRIVALS at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., March 4 were W. H. Walton in his clever personation of the original Punch, performing upon a variety of instruments; Murphy and Morton, in Irish songs-and-dances; pretty Belle Fairmount, in serio-comic songs; Harry Kennedy, in his matchless feats of ventriloquism; and Scanlon and Cronin in their sketch of "Arrival of the Delaneys." Business good. Minnie Farrell was unable to appear, on account of severe illness. The departures 9 were the D'Alve Sisters, to Baltimore; and "Punch" Walton, to Hartford. Announced for 11: Cummings and Harrington, Prof. Eggman's statue troupe, and Ida Burt.

AT THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Hartford, Ct., the new people last week were Bertie Ashlehart, Dan Lesson's burlesque entitled "Spectacles and Oysters," and Miss Kate Raymond and O. B. Collins in their sensational drama "London Jack." The people closing March 9 were Jerry Cohan, Mlle. Romelli and Senor Espinoza, Kitty Smith and J. F. Johnson. The new faces March 11 are Goldie Steele and Sallie St. Clair, Dan Hart, M. J. Slevin and Miss Alta Hallett.

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CHAS. H. STANLEY has been playing a successful engagement at the International Comique, Philadelphia, Pa., Stage-manager Howard recommending him, in a card published in this issue, to the attention of managers as a feature in his Irish character and motto and comic vocal specialties, introducing mocking-bird imitations.

AT THE COMIQUE, St. Louis, Mo., during the week commencing March 3 the performance opened with a first-part minstrel scene, with Charles Seamon and Dick Parker on the ends, and Otto Burbank doing the middle-man. In this scene Harry Seaton's Vocal Quartet rendered efficient service. Eugenie Lavelle proved to be a pleasing ballad-singer; the three Siegrist Children's acrobatic feats are the best yet seen in St. Louis; and Seamon and Somers have become favorites. Francis Norton, Fontaine and Vic. Reynolds close 9, the last-named to Louisville, Ky. To open 10: The Duvalli Sisters, the Robinson Family, Clara Moore, Le Roy and Pera.....At the Globe the new features introduced 3 were Belle Pauline in song-and-dance and jig; Emile Ames, Dutch comedian; Turner and Geyer in breakneck songs-and-dances; and the drama of "The Streets of New York," done by the stock company. W. V. Malmburg, George Brown, and Fred Barnard close 9. Nellie Roadene, H. B. Fleming, and E. T. Goodrich open 10, and George Dempster returns to his old position as manager.....Gilmore and Gibson, the O'Donohue, and May and C. A. Loder are the main attractions at the Tivoli. Advices dated March 8.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., had good houses last week. The new people announced for the week were Sam and Kitty Swain, Chapman and Garland, Dan Nash, Bertie Rhinehart, Carroll Bros., Leonine Bradley, Grace Durrell, and Harvey Collins.....Stalker's Washington Varieties has met with success. For this week Harris and Carroll, Williams and Sullivan, Lady Bell Delay, Emma Brennan, and the Red-stocking Female Minstrels are announced.

THE EGYPTIAN MYSTERY of dissolving tableaux was one of the new features introduced at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., March 4. A reorganized band of blonde minstrels opened the performances, and Master Eddie Crawford, Lola Carey, Etzeltine Sisters, Charles Benedict, Barrie Burrell, Ada Carey, Finn and Phœnix, and Wood and Beasley appeared in their respective specialties. Attendance for the week fair. The new people 11 are Huber and Glidden, Edith Lyle, Mlle. De Rowe, and Ida Dearing.....Prof. Correlli's Egyptian Mystery and Dissolving Living Pictures, Sheehan and Jones, Charles and Carrie Austin, Harry Montague and the Duncan Sisters were the fresh attractions at Harry Williams' Academy of Music March 4. "My Awful Dad in a Moral Way" concluded the show, with W. N. Griffith in the leading part. Business continues good. Closing 9: W. N. Griffith, to Chicago, Ill.; Girard Brothers and Chas. and Carrie Austin, New York; and Sheehan and Jones, destination unknown. Opening 11: Jennie Engle, Foy Sisters, Dick Carroll, Josephine Shanley, and Foley and Shaffer.....The Moore Sisters, Merritt Brothers, and Billy Allen are to commence at Tivoli Garden 11. Attendance large.

AT DUCLOS' FOLLY THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., business has been good. The fresh attractions comprised Maggie Burke, in jigs; John M. Turner, in trick banjo solos; the Arnold Brothers, three in number, in clogs; Collins Brothers, in songs-and-dances; Ida Siddons, in a skipping-rope dance; Lulu Lamar, in dances. The female-minstrel sketch was continued, the first part of the latter sketch "Philharmonic," the living art statuary was put on again, and the Arnold Brothers concluded the entertainment with their sketch of "Animal Sagacity." Closing 9: Moore and Lessenger, to Buffalo; the Beauttis and John M. Turner, to Cincinnati. Opening 11: May Whana. "Little Bo-Peep" postponed till 18.....At the Coliseum business has been good. The Monticellos appeared the past week in trapeze and horizontal-bar acts, having laid off the week before in consequence of length of programme. The other newcomers comprised Bob Harrigan and Satchell in their specialty "Going to the Ball;" C. H. Duncan in motto and comic songs; Etta May in songs-and-dances; Prof. Robert Nickle in feats of magic. The evening's entertainment concluded with an army drama in a prologue and one act, written by J. F. Smith, the Clark Brothers, Charles W. Young, and others have volunteered.....Winona Bridges, song-and-dance; Marie Gaugain, danseuse; Walter Le Roy, Ethiopian comedian; Harry and Lottie Macarthy in acrobatic specialties, and Lucinda Reese in Dutch sketches; Nimmie Kent, a beautiful danseuse; and Ralph and Kane, musical comedians, opened at Shickling's 4. Biz fair. The whole company closes 10, Charles and Lenora Reese going to Indianapolis, opening 11 in Fred Cameron's Red Ridinghood Minstrels, George and Frankie Mankin, John Harris and Charles Phelehan.....Kate Leslie, the charming balladist, and Zella Renard, the premiere denseuse, were the recruits 4 at the Eldorado. Myles Morris closed. No departures 9. Morrow, Dacre and Maggie Christy, Kate Brooks and Joe Cramer. Manager McCaslin takes a benefit 11. Biz here is generally good.....Roby Pearl, Florence Hamilton and Ada Dunbar, vocalists; Macarty and Griffin, song and-dance; and Harry Leary, stage-manager, are at Guiham's Hall.....Charles W. Young and the Clark Brothers are organizing a minstrel company to open at Maysville, Ky., 18.....Hatty Wade had a benefit at Robinson's Hall 8.....A Summer variety theatre is to be established at the head of the inclined plane railway at Price's Hill by Charley McDonald.".

MANAGER VINCENT of the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., found it necessary to raise his prices of admission to 13, 25 and 50cts. in order to meet the demand of higher-salaried people. Billed for 11 are Ferguson and Mack, Mullen and McGee, Murphy and Shannon, Connors and Kelly, Eloise Allen, Fernando Fleury, Lenton Brothers, Amy Bland and the La Feur Sisters. The attendance continues satisfactory.....A sparring match is to take place March 16 between Mike Ryan and Prof. Clark (blackened gloves) for $250.

THE WASHINGTON-STREET VARIETIES, Memphis, Tenn., closed March 5, after three nights of disastrous business. James O'Brien goes to New Orleans, La.; Maggie Hunter, Little Rock, Ark.; Tommy Capper, Byron Davis and Mlle. Josephene, Hot Springs; Emma Burns, Jessie Lemont, Kate St. Leon, Jennie Clifton, and Hayden and Ward remain in the city.

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., the departures March 9 were Ada Sanborn and Harry Woodson, Baltimore, Md. Lottie La Point opened 4. Billed for 11 are the Davenport Sisters and Dan Sully.

THE MOZART GARDEN, Brooklyn, N. Y., offered its patrons last week four hours of amusement for ten cents. The Macks—Barney and Ed.—gave their musical specialties; Fannie Davenport vocalized; Mlle. Volante mounted the trapeze; Charles Melbourne sang the comic songs; Maggie Pearl appeared in songs-and-dances; the Cooper Brothers did some remarkably high kicking; Nellie Parker was heard in serio-comic songs; Mlle. Roman showed how a woman may sing bass if she so chooses; Miss Vincent gave character songs, Ada Mortimer ballads, and Add Weaver his specialties. The warm weather tended to increase rather than diminish the attendance. The new faces this week are Fannie Sandford, Alice De Stellini, Miss Bernard, Rosa Cerito, Jenn

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage, extra. Single copies, 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860. or CLIPPER BUILDING,
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THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

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ROUTE.—Left Omaha Sunday, March 10, reaching San Francisco, Cal., Thursday, March 14, prior to the grand opening at Bush street Theatre Monday, March 25.
All communications, to insure prompt attention, should be addressed
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